The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

WINTER 1956

The little people

Near the top of the world,
in places like Pangnirtung,
Igloolik and Tuktoyaktuk, the sun
sits low and summer is only a
brief interlude between winters.

But here, as anywhere else, children
are still children, a puppy dog is still
the most cuddly thing in the world,
and parents love and worry, and
work to get things for their homes and
families as other parents do.

Living is not easy here, and there are few
riches. But it is not unhappy or without
its warmth. For there are long and lasting
friendships, concern for one another,
and decent community living
which "The Company" is happy
to be a part of . . . here, as elsewhere.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

WINTER 1956
OUTFIT 287
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Clifford Wilson, Editor

CONTENTS

4 **CHRISTMAS IGLOO**
G-M. Rousseliere

6 **OLD TOMORROW**
Donald Creighton

11 **INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT**
Robert J. Renison

14 **PEACE RIVER PASSAGE**
R. M. Patterson

20 **THE GUN OF SITTING BULL**
John C. Ewers

24 **SEEGUAPIK, ARTIST**
Peter Murdoch

32 **HISTORY FOR MODERNS**
Clifford Wilson

36 **STREET OF THE SCHOONERS**
Adelaide Leitch

42 **RANGERS OF FROBISHER**
Ambrose Shea

44 **SPOKANE HOUSE**
Louis R. Caywood

48 **NORTHERN SINECURE**
I. M. Gardner

53 **WINTER PACKET**

55 **NORTHERN BOOKS**

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Subscription, $2.00 a year; $5.00 for three years; single copies, 50c. THE BEAVER is authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa. Its editorial interests include the whole field of life and activity in the Canadian North, past and present, as well as the history of the more southerly regions, in both Canada and the United States, where Canadian fur traders formerly carried on business. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscript or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights may be given upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg 1, Manitoba.

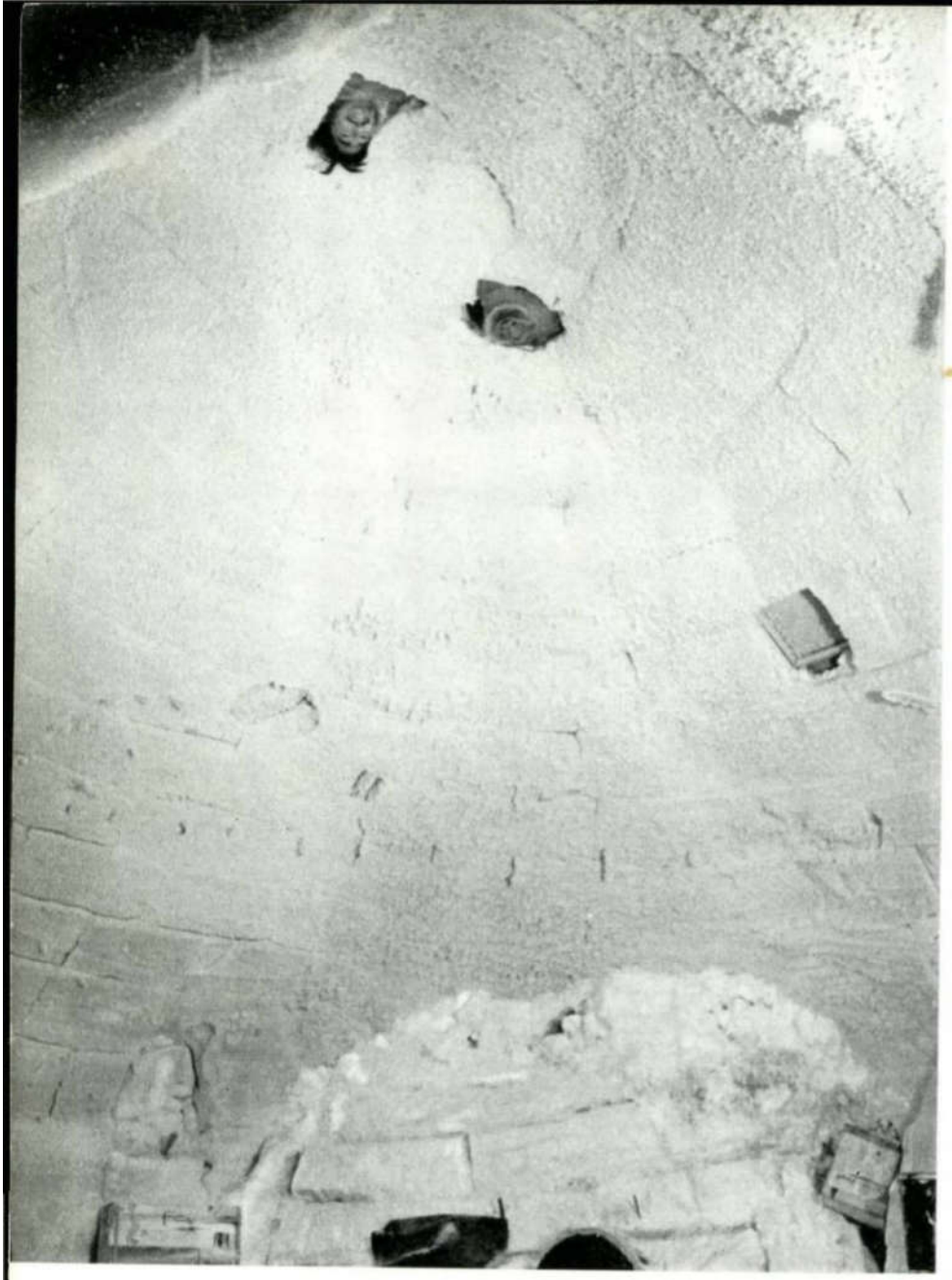
The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada; engravings made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited.

COVER: *"A Reconnoitre," by Alfred Jacob Miller. Courtesy Public Archives of Canada. (See Packet note.)*

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

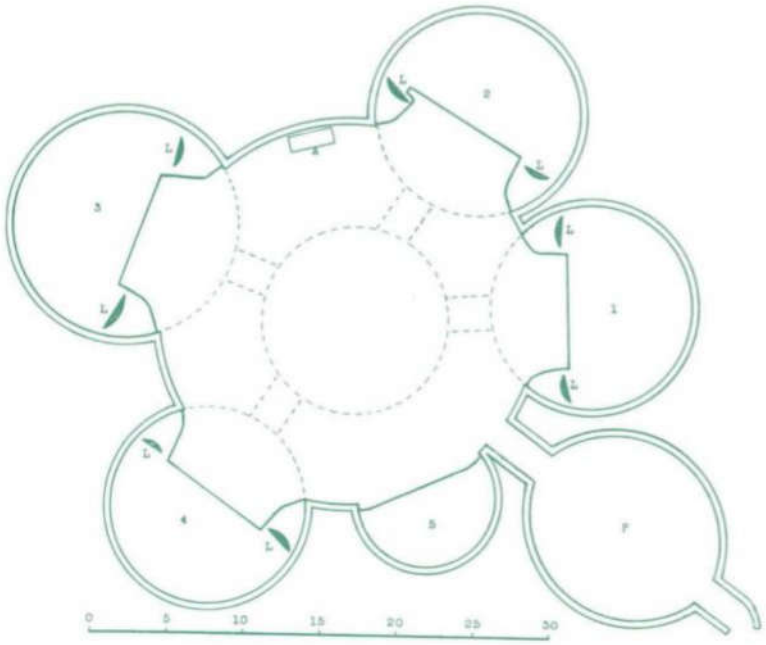
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE
WINNIPEG 1, CANADA



Some idea of the size of the great igloo may be gained from the picture on the left, taken after the ceremonies were over. One of the base igloos has been closed in again, and two Eskimos poke their heads through holes they have made in the dome.

Dominic Tungilik, tallest Eskimo in the region, stands on top of the central porch and inserts the last snow block 18 feet above the floor.



Plan of the k'aggek, showing how it was built on four snowhouses. The dotted lines represent the central porch and connecting tunnels and the sectors of the family igloos that were cut away to form one big room. "L" denotes a stone lamp, "A" the altar, and "P" the porch for provisions.

Father Vandevelde celebrates Midnight Mass by the light of candles planted in the snow. Many of the congregation remained on the snow platforms of their own igloos surrounding the main part of the "church."

CHRISTMAS IGLOO

Photos by G-M. Rousseliere, O.M.I.

At Pelly Bay, which is about 1400 miles due north of Fort William, the Eskimos last winter built a huge *k'aggek* or community igloo in which to celebrate Christmas. Four family-size snowhouses had been built in a circle, and these were used as a base on which the great snow dome was raised to a height of eighteen feet. In the centre of the circle was a community snow porch on which the builders stood to reach the top of the dome, and which was demolished when the work was done.

Here Midnight Mass was celebrated by Father Vandevelde—the stone mission chapel being too small to hold the crowd—and afterwards there was feasting and fun.

Old Willie Niptayok (whose full-page portrait as a young man appeared in the September 1946 *Beaver*) dances as he beats the deerskin drum.

Feast after the Mass. The half-domes of two of the supporting igloos can be clearly seen under the snow arches.

"OLD TOMORROW"

by Donald Creighton

A hundred years ago the drum of Western Expansion was beating loudly in Eastern Canada, but John A. Macdonald refused to heed it until he knew the time had come.

THEY called him "Old Tomorrow." It was a not unkindly, even affectionate, and yet seriously misleading sobriquet. He did not live in the future. He lived intensely in the present. His career was not a long succession of cautious postponements but a swift sequence of creative acts. In less than a quarter century, he built a nation, extended it across a continent, and bound it together with the steel track of a railway. Even in the nineteenth century, that century of strenuous nation-building, this was regarded as a considerable feat; and time, with all the tremendous changes it has brought in the last fifty years, has simply served to enhance the importance of the achievement.

Time has been on Macdonald's side. For fifty years, the geographical setting of his labours has grown steadily in political significance. The continents of North America and Asia have gained in power and prestige at the expense of Western Europe; and men like Mazzini, Cavour, and even Bismarck, the nation-builders of the last century of Europe's greatness, have shrunk curiously in stature. The states they created were dwarfed in territorial extent by Macdonald's nation; Macdonald's nation has steadily increased in real and potential power. And yet, in that age of triumphant and glorified nationalism, there was no swifter national achievement than the creation of transcontinental Canada.

Basically the nickname "Old Tomorrow" is wrong. And yet despite its general inappropriateness there is one way at least in which it fits. Macdonald could not afford to be a real procrastinator. His task was not to conserve, but to create. He hoped to unite the whole of British North America in one great transcontinental nation. It was a vast enterprise which could only be accomplished if a number of very positive and daring steps was taken; and if there were any serious hestitations or delays, the United States might very quickly anticipate Canadian action and usurp the Canadian inheritance. He felt instinctively that he must complete the whole hazardous business of expansion and integration before he finally surrendered office. There was an enormous amount to do. There was no time to lose. He had to work fast, for half a continent was at stake; and his strategy was essentially a strategy of big designs, rapid advances, and daring enveloping movements.

It was only in tactics that he could afford to be cautious. Tactical refusals and evasions were useful in themselves; and they had the further advantage of masking the grandiose daring of his strategic plan and of quieting the qualms of his doubtful and uneasy followers. He became a blandly reassuring expert in small delays and brief postponements. And nowhere is his tactical caution seen to better advantage than in his early treatment of Rupert's Land and the northwest.

The problem of the northwest confronted him when he had held power for barely two years. In 1854, he had formed the Liberal-Conservative coalition and had

John A. Macdonald as he appeared about 1856, when "the political stage was thronged and busy and excited with the dress rehearsal of Canadian Confederation."
Public Archives of Canada.

gained office; and less than a year later, after the final extrusion of Sir Allan MacNab, he had become the acknowledged leader of his party in Canada West.

And then new difficulties, appropriate to Canada's approaching nationhood, began suddenly to crowd about him. For a few years, from 1856 to 1859, the political stage was thronged and busy and excited with the dress rehearsal of Canadian Confederation. All the forces making for the Union of British North America began to congregate upon the scene as though the entire company were assembling for the grand finale of the drama. Great Britain's preoccupation in the Crimean War was followed by an alarming worsening of its relations with the United States; and Canada suddenly felt compelled to reorganize its absurdly antiquated militia system and to establish an efficient volunteer force. And it was not merely the survival of central and eastern British North America with which people like Macdonald were concerned. They were concerned also—and for the first time—with the survival, as British territory, of the northwest.

It was the Province of Canada, composed of Canada East (Quebec) and Canada West (Ontario) that felt this new interest most strongly. The Province of Canada was the empire province of British North America. The extent of its territory, the size of its population, and the turbulence of its politics, all combined to give it both preeminence and notoriety. It was most sensitive to pressures from the United States and Great Britain, and most responsive to the invitations and opportunities of its own situation. And it had just passed through a most exciting stage in its development. A period of great prosperity, encouraged by railway building, capital construction of all kinds, and a thriving export trade in wheat and flour and lumber, had thrust the material growth of the province rapidly forward; and one of the most important aspects of this progress had been the settlement of virtually all the good lands south of the rocky Precambrian Shield. The province had, in fact, been occupied. At a moment when its strength was great and its ambitions rapidly growing, it had ceased to have an agricultural frontier of its own. Inevitably it transferred its interests westward. It sought in the one vast frontier which still remained in British North America a field for the satisfaction of its irrepressible urge towards expansion.

By 1856 the drum of Western Expansion was beating loudly and peremptorily in the cities of the future Ontario. Toronto mining men and railway promoters extolled the prairies as the future market and source of supplies for Canadian commerce. Toronto newspapers—and the Liberal *Globe* in particular—sang the praises of the West as the destined homeland of a rapidly growing Canadian popu-

Prof. Creighton who is chairman of the Department of History at Toronto University is the author of the fine two-volume biography of Macdonald published by Macmillans in 1952 and 1955.

lation. The Reformers of Canada West, meeting in convention at Toronto in January 1857, imperatively demanded, in one of the planks of their new political programme, that Rupert's Land and the North West Territories should be incorporated in the Province of Canada. All this sound and vainglorious fury would not, by themselves, have meant very much; but two circumstances gave the agitation of 1856-1857 far more point than it would have had only a few years earlier. The first of the circumstances was the ominous advance of American expansion northwestward towards the British North American frontier; and the second was the increasing vulnerability of the Hudson's Bay Company in the face of the growing strength of free-trade and anti-monopoly sentiment in Great Britain.

Minnesota became a state of the union in 1858. In 1859 the Hudson's Bay Company's twenty-one year licence for trade in the North-West Territory was due to expire. The tide of American settlement, the network of American transportation systems, were rapidly creeping closer to the international border. With every month that passed the Red River settlement was being more effectively fitted into the trade and communication systems of the American northwest. And just at this perilous moment, when the whole of Rupert's Land and the Territories seemed in jeopardy to the American republic, the Hudson's Bay Company was unfortunately required to submit the case for the renewal of its trading privileges—and, indeed, the justification for its existence as a great territorial trading company—to a Parliament which was convinced of the virtues of free trade and utterly opposed to what it regarded as monopoly.

Early in 1857 the British government sponsored the establishment of a parliamentary committee to "consider the state" of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory. This exciting piece of news, and the even more exciting information that the Canadian government had been requested to send a representative to London to express its views to the committee, roused the western expansionists of Canada to a paroxysm of aggressive confidence. The northwest would be Canada's! The Hudson's Bay Company was about to fall! Its charter was fraudulent, its monopoly was baneful, and its lands, rightfully confiscated by the crown without a copper of compensation, were about to be handed over to the highly deserving merchants and frontiersmen of the Province of Canada.

This was the clamorous cry that dinned itself into Macdonald's ears in the winter of 1857. He did not like it. Every instinct in him urged him to beware of the implications of this hazardous crusade. He knew that the Hudson's Bay Company was admittedly becoming a less effective guardian of the British-American northwest, just at the moment when the pressure on its insecure frontiers from the United States was steadily increasing. He knew also that many members of the British governing class, both because of their dislike of politico-commercial corporations and their desire to reduce British commitments in North America, would be ready enough to see the Province of Canada take over the administration of the whole, or the greater part, of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory. He knew all this, and he knew also that the only way in which British North America could ensure its survival as a separate autonomous power in North America was through the union of all its territories in a single transcontinental state. East and west must be joined, and joined soon; and obviously the Province of Canada—the empire province—must take a leading part in the difficult work of unification.

But not yet. He shrank back. His political friends shrank back. The Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, Cartier, the other members of the cabinet, and his intimate friend John Rose who was the Canadian agent of that old fur baron, "Bear" Ellice, all looked the prospect squarely in the face and cautiously walked away from it. It was not, of course, that they were seriously intimidated by the mere difficulty or expense of acquiring the territory. From various pieces of evidence, it was fairly clear that the Hudson's Bay Company was not indisposed to sell out its rights. As "Bear" Ellice remarked realistically, it was "a question of a million of money"; and although the Crimean War boom was soon to collapse in a serious depression, Canada might have been grudgingly willing to make such a big expenditure if it had really wanted, at that moment, to acquire the northwest.

But it did not. The purchase price was not too serious. What was serious, desperately serious, was the expense and, above all, the responsibility of the future administration of the territory. Could a single colonial province become the guardian of a quarter of a continent? There were the encroaching Americans on its frontier. There were the restless and unpredictable Indians within its borders. Could the Province of Canada take up these burdens, when, as Sir Edmund Head observed caustically, it could not properly govern the territory it already possessed? Canada had not solved its own constitutional problem—had not escaped from the deadlock in which it was paralysed. If it committed the immense imprudence of annexing any substantial part of the northwest, this foolhardy action would destroy the delicate political balance between Canada East and Canada West. It would set English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians against each other, and probably, in the end, break up the union.

MAP
Lake Paquash
Fort Aurepas
Fort La Reine
Fort Ellice
Fort Pelly
Fort Carlton
Fort Pitt
Fort Edmonton
Fort Assiniboia
Fort Ste Anne
Fort Alexandria
Fort Dauphin
Fort Ste Pierre
Fort St Charles
Pembina
Portage
Brandon House
Pine House
Grand Village
Assiniboine River
Red River
English River
Pembina River
Park River
Turtle R.
Swan R.
Beaver R.
Qu'Appelle R.
Assiniboine R.
Lake Winnipeg
Lake Manitoba
Lake Winnipegosis
Lake Dauphin
Lake Swan
Lake Ste Anne
Lake Ste Pierre
Lac La Croix
Rainy R.
Rainy Lake
Lake of the Woods
Red River Settlement
Fertile valley. Sir Geo. Simpson says from his route up the Red River On the E.S. & S there was not a mountain or tree to vary the vast expanse of green swept while to the west were the gleaming bays of the wind-ing Assiniboine
Capt. Pope says The Red River valley presents before [illegible] rich prairie interlaced by wide oak maple ash &c From richness of soil uniform Surface & wood & water it is among the finest wheat countries in the World. All the cereals & vegetables grow on all winds ace
As simboia timbered tributaries Elm
Grand Rapids
Portage
Boat carrying Place
Grand Rapids
Boat carrying Place
Boat Rapids
Climate salubrious
The soil says Sir Geo Simpson is black mould producing extraordinary Crops the wheat being always 4 heavy at returns 40 bushels to the acre
Round this Lake the shores are low with grassy intervals far inland
Wood carrying Place
L. DES BOIS
Grain producing district in the bend of this Lake
Geographers
Lake
Lake
Lake

Rt. Hon. Sir Edmund Head, Bart., K.C.B., the Governor-General of Canada (and later Governor of the H B C), asked how Canada could administer the West when it could not properly govern its own territory. From the portrait by Geo. Richmond, R.A.

responsibility for the maintenance of law and order in the Red River settlement and the Saskatchewan region. Even the confederation scheme of 1858, which might have seemed to simplify the problem of western expansion, did not bring with it any marked change in the Canadian government's programme. The addition of western provinces to a federal union would obviously be much easier politically than the addition of western territory to the Province of Canada. But this consideration did not seem to inspire Macdonald and Cartier with any keen desire for rapid action. They talked in guarded language and in future terms about the incorporation of "other territories" beyond the already existing provinces, in their proposed union. And, in any case, this highly prospective programme committed them to nothing, for the Confederation scheme of 1858 was still-born.

Macdonald stubbornly continued his tactical refusals. In the main, the initiative was flung back upon Great Britain. And during the next few years, it was chiefly British organizations—the imperial government, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Grand Trunk Railway—which kept up an interest in the affairs of the northwest. Canada waited upon the side-lines, all this time; and it was not until the autumn of 1864, when the American Civil War was drawing to its close, that her attitude began significantly to alter. The Charlottetown and Quebec conferences met. The Quebec scheme of federal union was hammered out. And, all the while, relations with the United States were rapidly and ominously deteriorating. The republic was accumulating a huge and bitter grievance against Great Britain and British America; and, once the Civil War ended, it would be free to use the greatest army of that time to exact retribution for its alleged wrongs. One of the main purposes of Confederation was the protection of the northern provinces from possible aggression by the United States. The Fathers of Confederation feared for the whole of British North America; but they feared particularly for the uninhabited and unprotected territories of the northwest.

Rapidly, under the pressure of circumstances and the urgings of the British government, Macdonald changed his plans. "I would be quite willing, personally," he wrote of the northwest as late as March 1865, "to leave that whole country a wilderness for the next half century, but I fear if Englishmen do not go there, Yankees will, and with that apprehension I would gladly see a crown colony established there." The idea of a crown colony, which had seemed so attractive up until then, yielded quickly to the exigencies of the moment; and Macdonald realized that if Canada were ever to achieve the transcontinental destiny which was his design, she must act herself to prevent the United States from anticipating and preventing her western expansion. The need was there, more imperative than ever. But the means were available as well. A federal union of British North America would provide a far stronger base for this vast western enterprise than even the Province of Canada could have done. The British government promised financial assistance; and, best and most necessary of all, it was willing to guarantee military help. At the great conference in London in the spring of 1865, which Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, and Galt attended, the imperial and Canadian governments exchanged pledges to come to each other's aid with all their resources in the event of a war in North America. This, in Macdonald's view, was a "treaty" between Great Britain and Canada. It was the diplomatic and military basis of western expansion.

"Old Tomorrow" had delayed, but he had not delayed too long. His strategy had won him a commanding position. He had acquired a satisfactory ally and a suitable base. And he now prepared cautiously to advance. ◆

The next article on Macdonald's policy toward western expansion will deal with the incorporation of Rupert's Land in the Dominion of Canada.

INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

by the Most Rev. Robert J. Renison

A tale of James Bay in the early years of this century, which is ostensibly fictional.

WHEN King Charles the Second in his free-handed way gave the charter to the Hudson's Bay Company that vaguely granted all the lands adjacent to the Bay to Prince Rupert and his associates, it is to be supposed that he did not know what he was doing. He probably was not aware that the Bay was large enough to place the British Isles in the centre and allow a ship to sail around the shores without sighting land on either side. How the trading company thus formed came, during the next two hundred years, to dominate half a continent is one of the romances of Anglo-Saxondom. For nearly two centuries, every June, a stout sailing barque used to sail from the harbour of Stromness in the Orkneys and carry her cargo to Hudson Bay, returning in November laden to the hatches with furs from a preserve two million square miles in extent.

A boy of sixteen from one of the coast shires of Scotland would enter the Company's service as an apprentice clerk; and then after ten years' service, in the ordinary course of events, would have arrived at the rank of commissioned officer with an interest in the Company's business and profits. As the years went by the various grades of trader, chief trader, factor and chief factor, were reached until at last he might rule with absolute authority a district as large as Scotland itself. When such a man returned to his native land full of years and honours he very often longed for the spaces of the great lone land.

Donald MacDonald, the last of the chief factors, retired and went back to England to live. His sons were educated at home and they all held important positions in professional life. The wife fitted into the church and social life of the country. In fact, she was the vicar's right hand in all missionary enterprises and was much in demand at drawing-room meetings under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. But the old man fretted in his suburban ease. The tennis parties and afternoon teas were his special horror. Every week he went up to London and haunted Number 1 Lime Street, headquarters of the Honourable Company, where the fur sorter looked upon him as an honorary assistant. He loved to handle the marten skins, and could tell within a few miles where a silver fox had been caught. When the *Ladyhead* was fitted in the London docks he used to sleep on board. This arrangement suited the first mate, McNab, who was courting a widow in Greenwich. In the winter time he used to dream of the dog trains arriving with the packet from Whale River and Fort George, and of the packet dinner he used to give to the tributary visiting princes, who boasted of their dog drivers, while he listened, over the port and Manilla cheroots, with the air of a Napoleon whose Marengo is part of history, encouraging the exploits of his field marshals. To the end of his life he kept one custom of other days. The ship every fall used to bring home a cask of salt geese, which he insisted on having for Sunday dinner every week. In vain his wife pleaded and wept. He continued obdurate, though the birds were hopeless from a housewife's point of view, in colour and texture bearing a strong resemblance to old morocco binding.

I knew Mr. MacDonald many years ago when he was in his prime, a chief factor of the Company. It is true that, long before, Rupert's Land had been ceded to the Dominion of Canada, but for all practical purposes the prestige and influence of the old Company was unchallenged. The chance free trader who ventured into the interior got little except experience for his pains. When it was rumoured, therefore, that "Le Reynard Noir" Fur Company of Paris, with branches in every European capital, and trading posts throughout Russia, Siberia and Kamchatka, was about to establish itself as the serious rival of the Hudson's Bay Company throughout Canada, the righteous anger of Mr. MacDonald knew no bounds. In vain it was suggested that Canada was a free country and that the new company was the greatest concern of its kind in Europe with a record of over a hundred and fifty years. The Pope, when he heard of the building of the first Methodist chapel in Rome, could not have been less enthusiastic.

The expedition at length arrived at the mouth of the Caribou River with all the elan and thoroughness which mark the enterprises of the French. When the members of the party first landed they caused universal consternation, for they had carefully considered the histrionic possibilities of the event and were dressed like comic-opera pirates. They were nearly all half-pay French officers whose experience of colonies had been won in Madagascar or Algeria. The gray monotony of the Anglo-Saxon atmosphere was a distinct disappointment. However, they developed unsuspected organizing ability, and before the winter months had set in, sailboats had carried an adventuring Caesar and his

Archbishop Renison has known and loved the North since he was a missionary's son at Nipigon in the 1880s. In the early 1900s he served the Diocese of Moosonee, and in 1944 he went back there as bishop, later becoming Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario. He retired in 1954.

"It was necessary to amputate his muffler and beard."

little cargo to every settlement on Hudson Bay, where a rough shelter was built and he went into winter quarters. The commander-in-chief remained in Fort Caribou.

Count D'Etoile was a soldier and a gentleman who had served in many parts of the world. He was an expert engineer, an artist and a literary disciple of Anatole France, to whom he referred as *mon cher maître*. He spoke five languages with considerable fluency but his English naturally lacked the pungency and idiomatic freshness of Donald MacDonald's. One sometimes wonders whether the reputed inability of the Anglo-Saxon to speak any language but his own is an unmixed disadvantage. It certainly did not appear so when the Count went to leave his card at the residence of the chief factor. MacDonald sat dourly while his visitor made all the conversation. In vain the Frenchman was grave and gay in turn. When he gesticulated the old man looked at the poker by the hearth and finally, when, in a supreme effort to be agreeable, the Count in thrilling tones expressed his admiration of Scotch whisky, which he considered the British national beverage, MacDonald said he had none for sale. After that the conversation languished until the arrival of a canoe from civilization called both host and guest away. From that day forward MacDonald refused to acknowledge the presence of strangers at Fort Caribou.

O'Reilly, the Church of England missionary, represented the third interest in this little world. He tried in vain to bring about some amicable *modus vivendi* between the rival champions. It was he who advised the Count in many little ways useful to a newcomer to the country. The Indians, who had but little sentiment, looked upon the visitors as a temporary godsend and charged the Count Parisian prices for fish and game.

On the other hand it was to the parson that the Count first confessed the story of the loss of his ambrosial whiskers of which he had a legitimate reason to be proud. He was making his first winter journey to Albany with a dog train. With noble heroism he waived the suggestion of his dog-driver that he should be lashed up in the cariole like a mummy, after the manner of chief factors, and ran behind the dogs and sat on the load when he was tired. It was a very cold day. The north wind, tempered to forty degrees below zero, cut like a knife. The hirsute decorations of the Count were crusted with ice and he wrapped a woollen muffler around his head to keep from freezing. When the dogs stopped on the open coast at noon for lunch, a jar of hot tea was produced from the folds of a rabbit-skin blanket, where it had been kept as warm as in a Thermos bottle all day. When his turn to drink came, the Count could not bear to remove his muffler, having conceived the idea of drinking through it, with the result that his face had an ice bridge like a mask around his face. When he reached Albany it was necessary to amputate his muffler and beard, and his face was badly frozen.

More than once O'Reilly pointed out to Mr. MacDonald the unsportsmanlike nature of his conduct in treating a fellow civilized man contrary to all the traditions of the north. And after some persuasive talking he prevailed upon him to accept an invitation to dinner at Christmas time.

Mrs. Kuropatkin, the housekeeper of O'Reilly's establishment, was a native of the country who, forty years before had fallen in love with a Russian sailor who came to the Bay. Unfortunately the poor fellow had been blown from the yardarm of his ship in a snowstorm in the Straits on his voyage home. His relict had married three Indians in turn, and when the last had passed on to that better land where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, the widow adopted the name of the man whom she had never married, in compliment to his virtues and as a warning to all married men. This lady ruled the mission house with a rod of iron. She was an admirable cook, when she had to deal with a camp-fire and the material was a gray goose or a sturgeon. However, she graciously undertook to produce a pie for the Christmas dinner, although the mysteries of pastry making were beyond her experience, and O'Reilly's recollections were rather of the taste than of the composition of pie. The confection nevertheless was a masterpiece. Made in an enameled washbasin, it consisted of three layers separated by pastry, raspberries on top, prunes in the middle and dried figs underneath.

The party consisted of all the officers of the two companies in the vicinity, and two or three missionaries. The Count was in his most brilliant vein and talked to everyone with the greatest animation, but the chief factor ate steadily and said nothing. Finally, while the Count was giving a dramatic narrative of the newest phase of the *entente cordiale*, O'Reilly leaned over and whispered to Mr. MacDonald, for Heaven's sake, to say something. The unfortunate man moistened his lips and tried out two or three diplomatic sentences under his breath, but none to his own satisfaction.

During a later pause in the conversation Mr. MacDonald turned to the Count in his most impressive manner and said, with the air of a man who has found a mine of conversation, "Count, do you know the date of the battle of Waterloo?" The Count looked at him wonderingly and replied, "No, I cannot say that I know more than the year 1815."

"Good Heavens," said old MacDonald, who was obviously making every possible effort to be agreeable, "I thought every Frenchman would be sure to know that date, if no other."

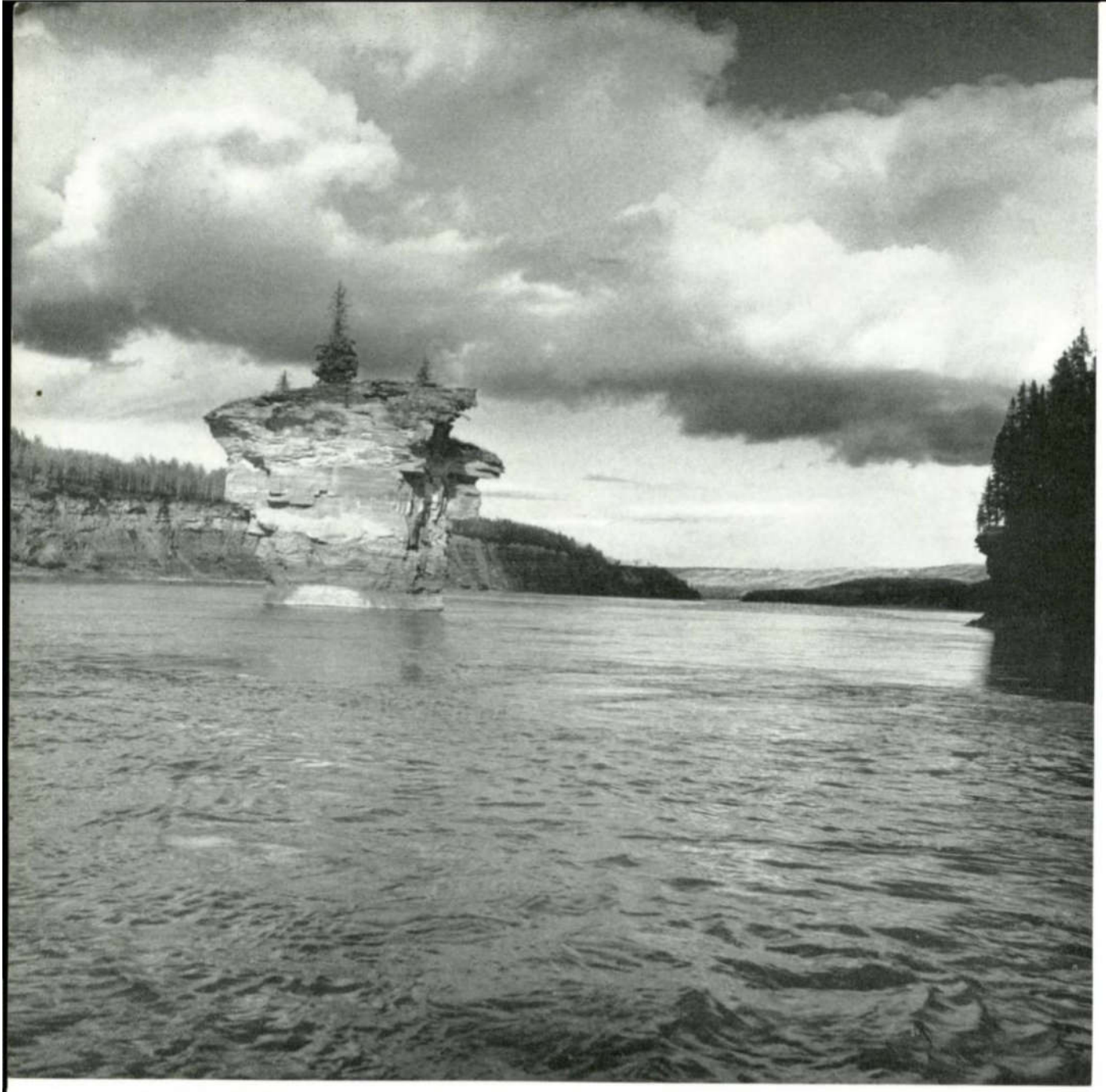
A deep silence descended over the table as the Count straightened like an arrow and shot a mental torpedo at his questioner, but the Scot was steel-plated. At this point a bottle of champagne was produced, which had been presented by the captain of the French ship to O'Reilly "for use in emergency." Mr. MacDonald looked at it suspiciously, but after two glasses pronounced it to be "verra gude mineral water."

Someone then suggested music and an impromptu concert of remarkable variety was arranged. Miss Bunn, a lady missionary, and Mr. Dugald Frazer, junior clerk, sang a duet entitled *The Gipsy Countess* which was enthusiastically encored. Sergeant Raoul Belanger, late of the Algerian Horse, recited a little bit by Theophile Gautier, which no one understood but which charmed the entire company by its freshness and delicate sentiment, until one of the lady missionaries asked whether the author was not immoral. Mr. MacDonald, to the surprise of everyone, then offered to sing and, accompanying himself on the violin, gave vent to that sterling ballad *The Banks of Loch Lomond*, in a manner that brought tears to his eyes. The Count grasped him by the hand and said it was the finest song he had ever heard. This so affected Mr. MacDonald that he sang *Twa Blue-eyed Lasses*, which Iago pronounced a finer song than the last. It was only by suggesting that he might discourage the others that Mr. MacDonald gave way to the Reverend Clarence Tooting, who sang *Noel*.

The lights were lit and the curtains drawn. The birch logs blazed in the stove. Outside the white carpet of snow looked dazzling in the moonlight. The trees on the river bank shivered like frozen sentinels, while the stars hung like golden beads from the rosary of Heaven. Within there was a bit of home, although the nearest post office was three hundred miles away.

Before the party broke up that night the Count consented to sing *La Marseillaise*, which he did so dramatically that Mrs. MacDonald offended her husband by saying that she had always noticed that the French had polish. *Auld Lang Syne* by the entire company closed the evening, and the Count and the Chief Factor arm in arm, saw each other home. ♦

"The Count and the Chief Factor saw each other home."



One of the rock islets in the Peace above Hudson's Hope. On these islets Alexander Mackenzie saw geese breeding when he passed up the river during his epic voyage in May 1793.

The author and his wife travel two hundred and fifty miles by canoe between two main highways, passing through the Rockies on the way.

Mr. Patterson, author of "Dangerous River," has been writing northwest travel articles for the "Beaver" since 1947. He was also the author of the introduction to Black's Rocky Mountain Journal, published by the Hudson's Bay Record Society last year.

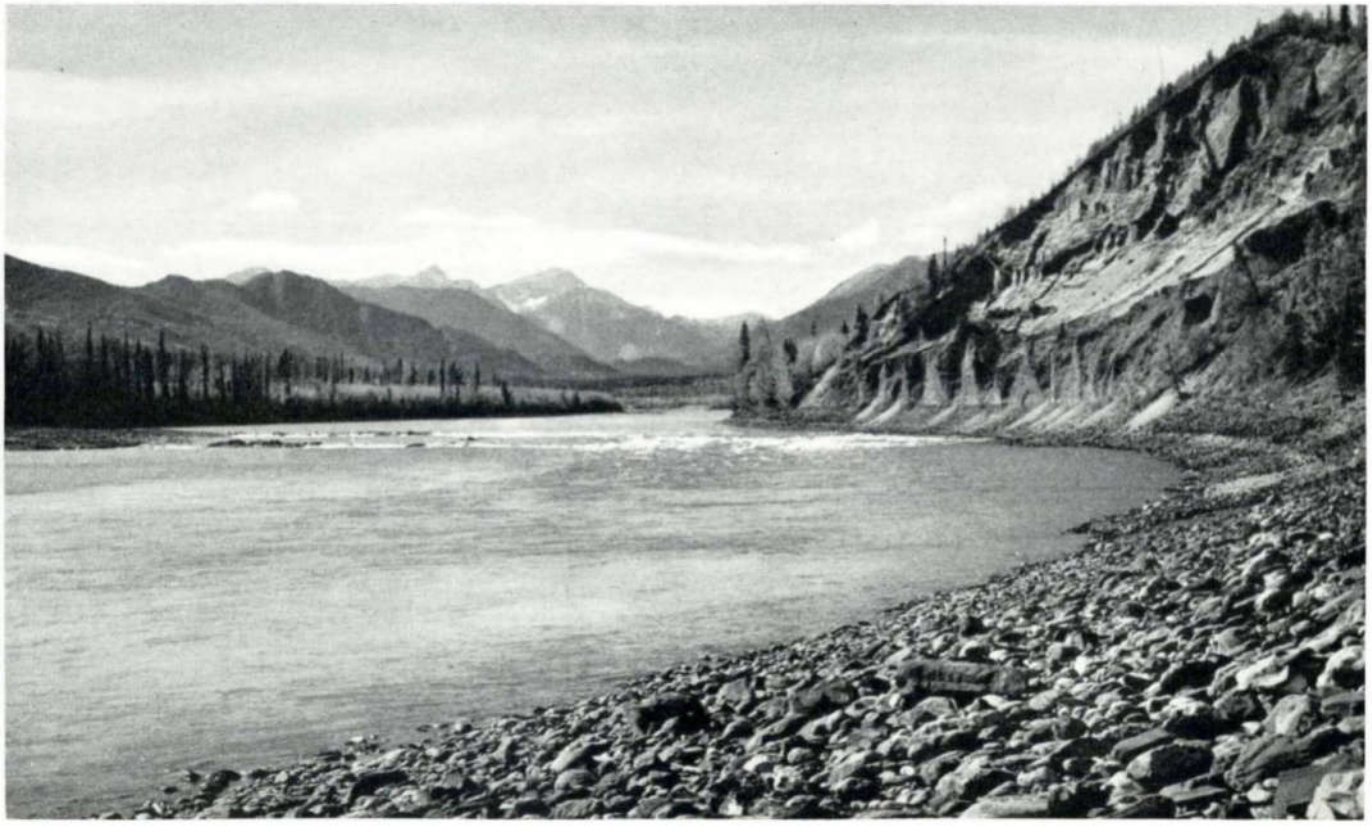
PEACE RIVER PASSAGE

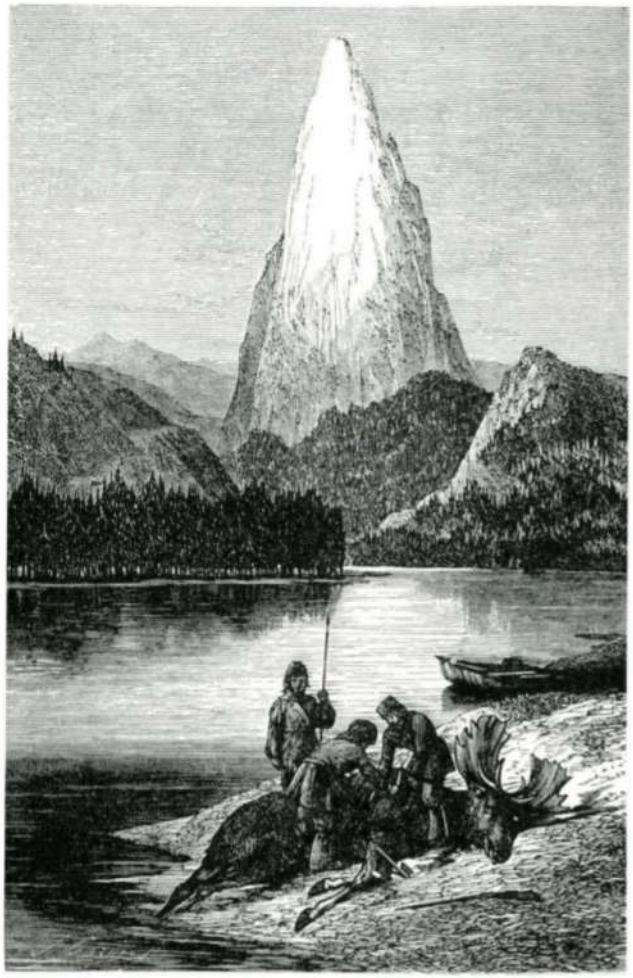
Story and photos
by R. M. Patterson

IN the whole stretch of the Rockies there is only one water passage through the heart of the range—that of the Peace River. Its two main heads are the Finlay and the Parsnip Rivers. They, flowing in the Rocky Mountain Trench from the northwest and southeast respectively, meet in head-on collision at Finlay Forks—and in that moment the Peace is born. The Peace immediately turns away from the wide valley of the Trench that bounds the mountains on the west, and flows straight *at* the Rockies. It dives into the mountains and cuts its way through to the eastern plains; it followed that course ages before the Rockies rose across its path, and as they rose it cut them down, refusing to turn aside for them. One would expect the whole passage through the mountains to be barred with transverse reefs and cascades, but the river is amazingly tranquil. Two sets of strong rapids and numerous riffles have to be dealt with but that is all. The main barrier comes, not in the mountains, but almost forty miles to the eastward, in the last ridge of the foothills—the Butler Ridge.

There, beneath that last spur of the Ridge which in 1875 Selwyn, then Director of the Geological Survey, named Portage Mountain, the Peace passes through a "gate" in the rocks so narrow that one can fling a stone across it. That gate marks the plunge into the Rocky Mountain Canyon through which the river becomes impassable, falling 225 feet in little over twenty miles. The portage trail follows what may have been a pre-glacial course of the Peace between Portage Mountain and Bullhead Mountain, rising high above the river. Mackenzie calls it the *Portage de la Montagne des Roches*. Selwyn explains carefully and somewhat pedantically in his report for 1875-76 that this name should be rendered "Portage of the Mountain of Rocks" and that it has nothing to do with the Rockies. But the misnomer was too old for him and Rocky Mountain Portage it has remained.

Ne Parle Pas rapid, looking upstream.





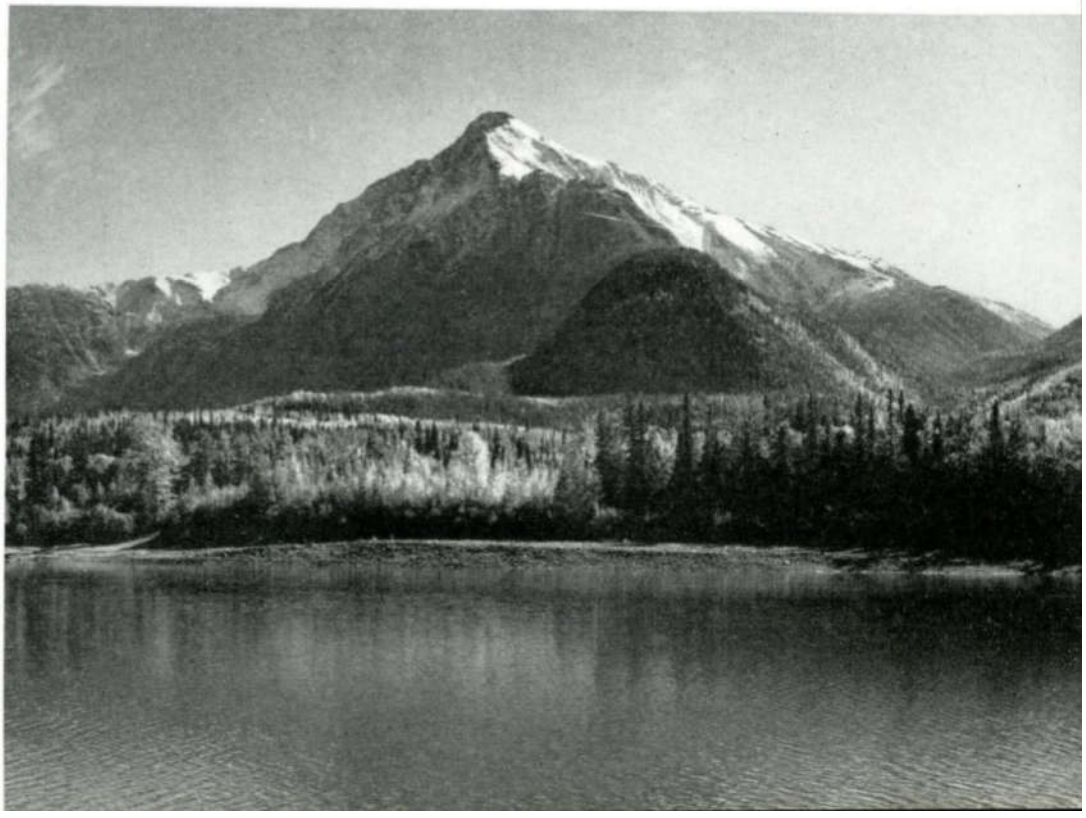
Mount Selwyn, as it appears in Butler's "Wild North Land."

Such is the lay of the land and such the main obstacles on a river trip that must be unique in Canada. It must be a rare thing anywhere to be able to put one's canoe in the water beside a main highway, disappear into the wilderness and pass through a mountain barrier, and then, after 250 miles of downstream travel, return to a main road once more.

On Sept. 10, 1955, my wife and I loaded our canoe at Melville's on Trout Lake where the Hart Highway swings away towards the Pine Pass and the Peace River country, leaving the rivers of the Rocky Mountain Trench. We ran across the four miles of lake under power, having brought with us a 3 h.p. Johnson for the few bits of upstream travel we might wish to make. People were rude to this small machine in that land of big riverboats and 20 and 25 h.p. kickers—they called it an egg-beater and burst into laughter at the sight of it. Nevertheless it did all we asked of it—which was not much, as we had only burdened ourselves with five gallons of gas. Arrived in the lagoon at the outlet of Trout Lake, we shut off the outboard and shipped it so as to be able to enjoy the peace of this perfect autumn afternoon.

The eight miles or so of Pack River between Trout Lake and the Parsnip ranked high in a trip that was full of beauty. No mountains were in sight, but this small, brown and very clear river winding over gravelly shallows and tumbling down small boulder riffles was a lovely thing to

Mount Selwyn as it appears to the camera's eye.



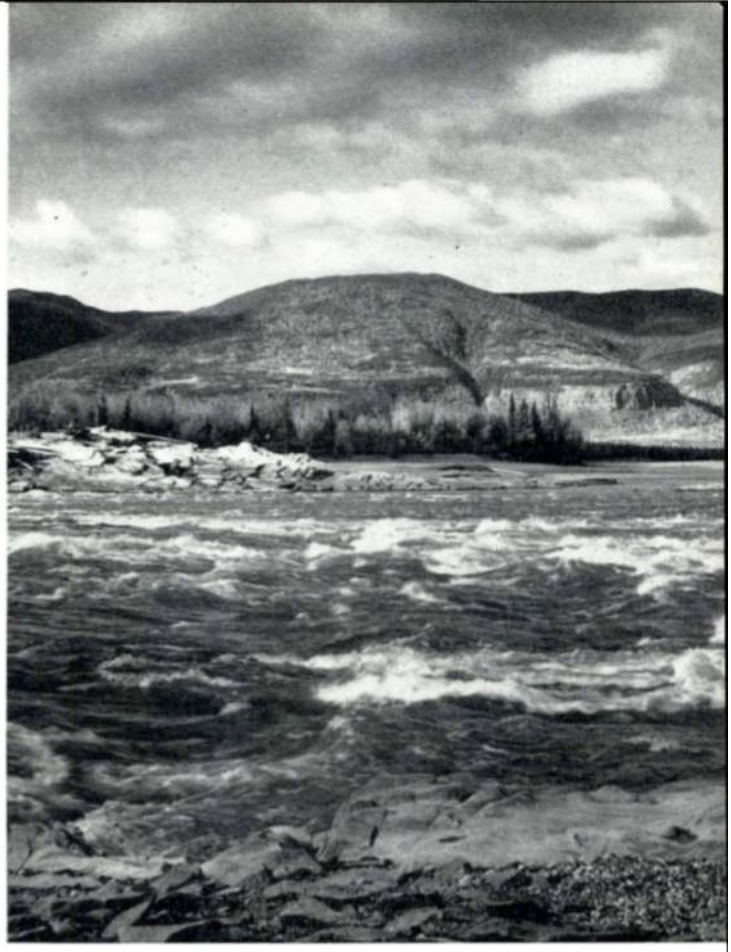
see. We took it lazily, delighted with the fall colours of poplar and cottonwood and the scarlet of the small brush along the banks. Ahead of us, down quiet reaches under the dark spruce, flew a family of brown-headed ducks; we never quite caught up with them and we must have chased them for miles. Towards evening we slipped out into a Parsnip River that was low and shrunken and racing between wide shingle bars—a very different affair from the rolling flood that I had last seen in July, six years before. On our right the foothills and the mountains began to appear.

Life on the Parsnip seemed to be confined to prospecting parties coming out after the season's work. Two men passed by, heading upstream. The following day a gay-shirted party from the Ingenika appeared, lining up a riffle where the passage was so narrow that, if we had not pulled in to the bank and waited, a disastrous head-on collision would have ensued. The trackline, we noticed, was attached to the nose of the riverboat, from which we concluded that this was no expert crew.

Then came a day when camp was so pleasant that we stayed in it—and that was a piece of luck, for up the river came an old friend with the independent trader from Fort Grahame and an Indian. The frost was still white on the bars, and there was a powdering of new snow on the Rockies that made it doubly pleasant to be able to serve out hot tea in a stove-warmed tent. We made no effort to hurry over that first hundred miles. Nevertheless we came, in the end, to the last reach of the Parsnip River on an evening of flaming sunset with crimson feathers of cloud floating high above the mountains of the Peace River Gap, and a riot of golden birches reflected in the quiet water.

In the morning we turned the egg-beater loose to see what it could do against the current of the Finlay. It did well: against some strong water it drove the 20-foot canoe up the four to five miles of river that lie between the actual forks and Pete Toy's Bar where the McDougalls' post is situated. After tying up in the snye* there, alongside the forestry boat, I unshipped the kicker and shook it. Not a sound came; it had used exactly one tankful, and had arrived on the smell.

The Finlay Rapids on the Peace River occur one mile downstream from the junction of the rivers, but the roar of them can be plainly heard from the McDougalls' post. We ran down to the head of the rapids on an afternoon of fantastic clouds that swirled around Mount Selwyn and boiled up in the Gap. We planned to run the rapids close in to the rocky south shore as we had run them in 1949, but snow squalls appeared in the Gap, trailing down from black storm clouds, and a cold northeast wind began to blow. We pulled in and made a well-sheltered camp where we could weather the storm—and from that camp we prospected the north shore in the morning.



Finlay Rapids occur one mile downstream from the junction of the Parsnip and the Finlay, which unite to form the Peace.

P. L. Haworth and Joe Lavoie went down that way in 1916 and this time we followed in their trail, slipping behind an island and then lining, wading and shoving the canoe down between rocks, through reefs and over falls. The last reef was impossible either to line around or run, but a magnificent sandy beach presented itself, over which we shoved the part-loaded canoe on rollers. This rapid is not difficult to run keeping close to the south shore, but on this occasion we had too much of a load and the wrong type of canoe.

We camped at the foot of the rapid in order to get some good pictures of Mount Selwyn which was now partly snow-covered from the night's storm. This was the finest sight of the trip for me—the green and gold slopes of the mountain, leading up to the snow line and reflected in the river; and, to the westwards, the flashing water cascading over a half-mile of reefs, with the blue peaks of the far-off Wolverines as a background. Haworth found these rapids unimpressive. I cannot agree with him: the drive and

*Snye: supposed to be a corruption of the French Canadian voyageurs' word "chenal" which may be translated as "backwater." Snye is the only word used in the northwest.

uproar of the great river pouring across these barriers of schist was a memorable display of majesty and power.

The sun rose over the ridges of Mount Selwyn, shining through the hoar-frosted trees. The mountain towers 5,500 feet above the river. Selwyn himself made the first ascent on July 11, 1875, with Professor Macoun, botanist to the Geological Survey expedition. They had been reading Sir William Butler's book and they had come half expecting to find "the remarkable conical mountain, depicted in *The Wild North Land*, page 271. . . ." Reluctantly they concluded that the artist of that delightful book had drawn somewhat largely on his imagination, and they climbed the next best mountain they could find—the one which, from its position and shape, they thought Butler must have had in mind.

We loaded up and hit the river. The roar of the Finlay Rapids faded and we turned in to the mountains. We ran on, past Wicked River and past Bernard Creek to the Clearwater.

In this short stretch of thirty miles we had passed through the main range of the Rockies. . . .

A trail runs up the Clearwater; winding around enormous cottonwoods, avoiding small clumps of devil's club, that spiny curse of the western mountains, it comes in half a mile or so to the canyon, a famous fishing place. There were the fish—one could see them plainly down through the deep green water. And there they stayed: we had been told, six years ago (and had proved), that when the leaves begin to fall the fish of the Clearwater cease to take.

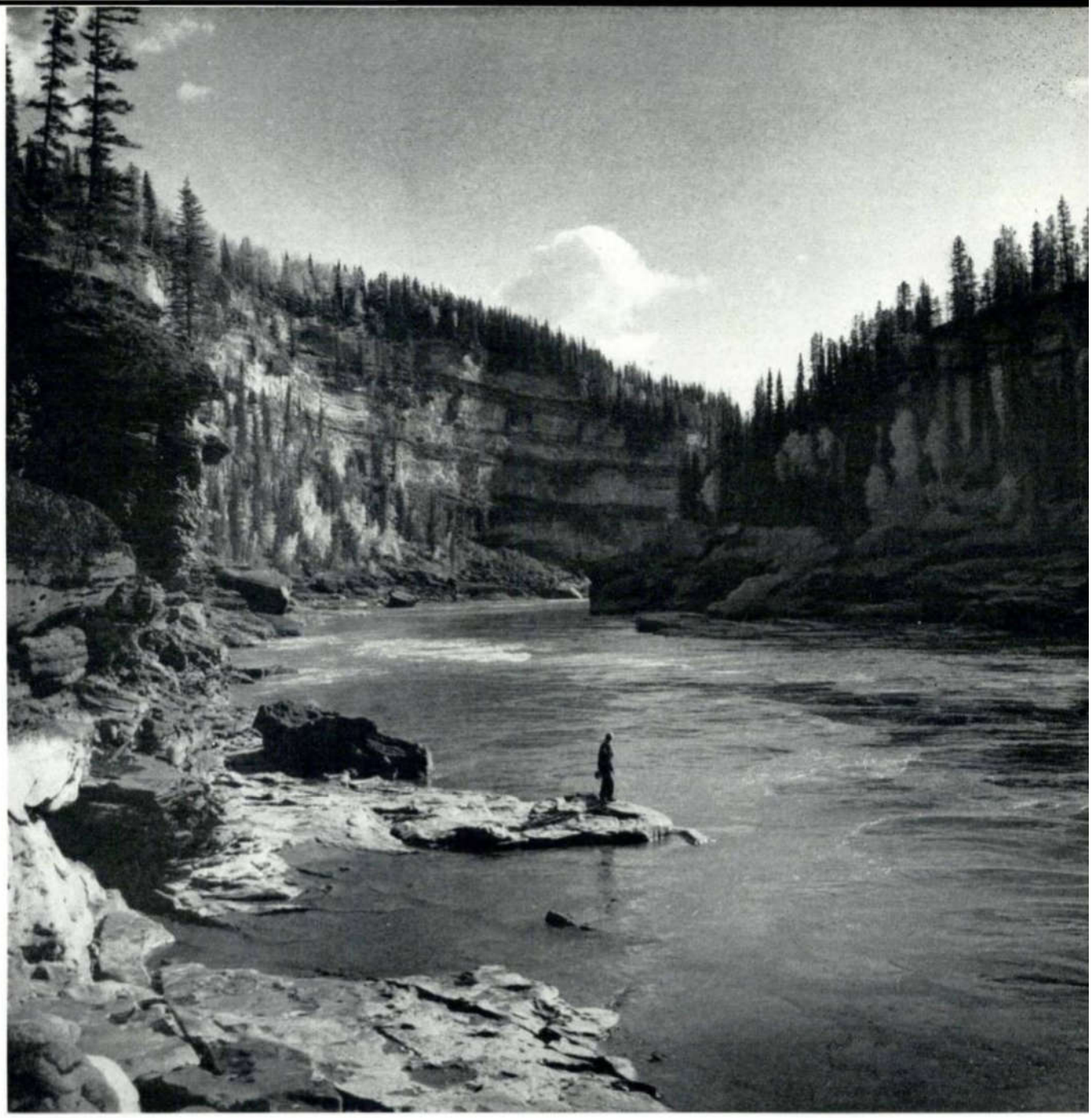
We ran on down to the Parle Pas Rapid which marks the eastern edge of the mountains proper and the entrance into the foothill country. The full style and title is *La Rapide qui ne Parle Pas* so named, says Warburton Pike, "from the absence of the roar of waters which usually gives ample warning of the proximity of a rapid." That may be so when the prevailing west wind is blowing; at other times the noise of the water can be plainly heard. The rapid consists of three reefs with actual falls on the south shore; the north side is a boulder chute with a very strong and very rough eddy at the foot. As before, we lined down the north shore—a proceeding that is apt to produce the sort of remarks that later on, sitting in amity by the camp fire, both parties secretly regret. Little harm, however, has been done, since the noise of the water in the Parle Pas makes it quite impossible for the one on the line to hear the frantic directions and objurgations of the one on the pole—and vice versa.

A couple of miles below the rapid the Ottertail River comes in from the north and, just above the junction and in the bank of the Peace, a dinosaur skeleton can be seen. We went on, through the Little Parle Pas, which is a series of powerful eddies, past lonely trapping cabins, past the Tepee Rocks, to Beatty's Landing close to Beatty's ranch. There we came upon that rarest of creatures on this wild stretch of river—a man. He was leaning against a gate in the pouring rain, carrying a rifle and with a large dog at his heels. We pulled in and spoke with him, and arranged for Bob Beatty to be warned that two voyageurs begged to be freighted over the portage road in three days' time. And then we ran on down to Twelvemile Creek.

From this point it is twelve miles down to the head of the canyon. We ran down on a morning of deep blue sky and summer clouds; a powdering of snow lay on the Butler Ridge and the hills were lit with the flaring gold of the poplars. Portage Mountain loomed ahead, the landmark for the canyon, and the river increased its speed. We put ashore at Cust House, the old buildings of the Cust and Carey post where the old portage road comes down to the Peace. Below that the river has scooped out of the high cutbanks an amphitheatre which must be an eddying tumult of waters in flood time, though safe enough in the fall. We dropped down into it and came to the "gate" at the head of Rocky Mountain Canyon, to the place of the narrowing of the river and to the fantastic pot holes in the rocks.

We lingered too long on the sun-warmed ledges of the canyon and evening caught us driving the canoe back towards Twelvemile Creek into the eye of a sunset that threw every swirl and eddy into full relief. The egg-beater could barely make it against that driving current; night was coming on and no camps offered. The sun set and the water took on the lemon colour of the sky, streaked with a swirling, shifting pattern of black. From low down on the water it seemed as if the river had gone futurist or else plain mad. Not until rocks and wave shadows had become as one did we make a desperate camp on an open bar, praying that it might not snow. Soon a fire blazed up on the stones and almost immediately a moose, disturbed in his beauty sleep, began to grunt querulously from the further shore. . . . He was still querulous when he arrived in camp at six a.m. next morning. I set the porridge off the fire and slipped a cartridge into the Mannlicher, just in case—but the sound of the bolt seemed to turn him aside and he went on his way, slashing at the willows and grumbling to himself.

Bob Beatty turned up at Twelvemile Creek at the appointed time and in his capable hands we made a safe passage over a portage trail that had been freshly muddied by yet another rain. We decanted ourselves and the outfit on the beach below Hudson's Hope, slung the stuff into the canoe and paddled across the river to camp on the



"We came to the 'gate' at the head of Rocky Mountain Canyon, to the place of the narrowing of the river and to the fantastic pot holes in the rocks."

site of the old Rocky Mountain Portage establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company on the south shore. All that can be seen now is the faint excavations of old cellars, a few corner rocks and the half buried mounds of chimney stones. The forest, pioneered by young cottonwood saplings, is doing its best to take back its own. It is the beaver, appropriately enough, who is working overtime and preserving the site for the Bay. We tripped over his cuttings as we made camp and several of him came to the edge of the firelight and banged loudly and resentfully on the darkly gleaming waters of the Peace.

From that camp a long track of nearly two miles takes a canoe to the head of the strong riffle above "the Hope" and into the queer, narrow based, rock islets that guard the lower end of the canyon. There we spent a day, returning to camp in the October dusk with the canoe leaping over the waves of the long riffle and the lights of Hudson's Hope already twinkling on the cliffs of the north shore. And in the greyness of the morning we departed from that place, bound for the Lower Gates of the Peace and the fifty-mile run downstream to the Alaska Highway bridge. ◆

THE GUN OF SITTING BULL

by John C. Ewers

Was it the British flintlock or the Winchester carbine that the notorious Sioux surrendered, 75 years ago?

The first photograph of Sitting Bull, taken by O. S. Goff of Bismarck, N.D., a few days after his surrender.

This Barnett flintlock of 1876 was originally supposed to be the gun that Sitting Bull surrendered to the American authorities.

AT high noon, July 19, 1881, a tired, hungry, sullen Indian rode into Fort Buford on the Missouri River at the head of 186 faithful followers to give himself up to the authority of the United States. It must have been difficult for soldiers at that frontier post to realize that this quiet, shabbily-dressed little man was the most notorious hostile Indian in the west—Sitting Bull. Five years earlier he had been a leader in the great camp of thousands of Indians whose warriors overwhelmed gallant Custer and his men on the Little Big Horn. In the spring of '77 he had crossed the medicine line into Canada to seek protection from the "Grandmother" (Queen Victoria). For four more years Sitting Bull, the perennial hostile, remained a threat to the peaceful development of the northwestern plains and a source of embarrassment to authorities in both Canada and the United States. His very presence at the head of a large force of veteran fighters just north of the international line discouraged settlement in neighbouring areas on both sides of the boundary.

Until the winter of 1880 Sitting Bull held more than a thousand of his followers together. Then, when scarcity of buffalo brought pangs of hunger to their women and children, his fellow chiefs with their personal followers began to turn south to make their peace with the United States. Sitting Bull and his most loyal friends continued to hold out. Not until they came face to face with starvation did they grudgingly return to their own country to give up their guns and ponies and settle down to the monotonous, beef-eating existence of Agency Indians.

The day after Sitting Bull's arrival at Fort Buford, Major David H. Brotherton, commanding officer, called a formal council to accept the chief's surrender. Those who attended this historic meeting at 11 o'clock on the morning of July 20, 1881 in Brotherton's office, included the commanding officer and officers of his staff, Insp. Macdonell of the North West Mounted Police who had arrived the preceding evening from Wood Mountain, Sitting Bull, his young son Crowfoot, and thirty-two of the leading men of Sitting Bull's camp. Also present was a single reporter who scooped the big city press by obtaining an on-the-spot description of the council for his paper, *The Daily Pioneer Press* of St. Paul. He described the chief's appearance thus:

> Sitting Bull as he entered the council seated himself at the left hand of Major Brotherton, placed his rifle, which he had not yet been required to give up, between his feet, and with a sullen, bull dog expression upon his countenance, relapsed into perfect silence. His dress consisted of a cheap calico shirt, considerably worn in appearance, from dirt and long use, a pair of black leggings, a blanket dirty and worn, and a calico handkerchief was tied turban-like around his head so as to partly conceal his eyes, which are quite sore, from the view of spectators. So long as he maintained silence there was nothing about the man to indicate the strength of will which has made his name so famous.

Silent he remained while Major Brotherton opened the council with an explanation of the government's policy toward Sitting Bull and his people and its plans for their future. Then Sitting Bull arose. According to the reporter:

> He remained perfectly silent for at least five minutes, as if making a review of his past life, then addressing himself in a short speech to the Indians present, which speech was not interpreted, he finally turned to his little son, and directed him to take up his rifle and present it to Maj. Brotherton.
>
> This being done the chief said:
>
> I surrender this rifle to you through my son, whom I now desire to teach in this manner that he has become a friend of the Americans. I wish him to learn the habits of the whites and to be educated as their sons are educated. *I wish it to be remembered that I was the last man of my tribe to surrender my rifle!*

The reporter acknowledged that Sitting Bull's speech may have been somewhat mangled by the interpreter, but he said he recorded it just as it was interpreted. Many decades later Indians who claimed to have been present

This Winchester repeating rifle of 1875 was most probably the gun that the chief surrendered through his son.
Photos from Smithsonian Institution

Mr. Ewers, an authority on the Blackfeet and other plains Indians, is with the department of anthropology at the Smithsonian Institution.

at that council said these were not Sitting Bull's exact words. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that Sitting Bull surrendered his gun to Major Brotherton during the historic meeting.

There is no contemporary record of the make or model of this weapon in either official or unofficial records of the event. As a symbol of the final capitulation of the fighting Sioux, and as the personal weapon of the most famous warrior chief in the history of the west, this gun certainly would be a most desirable museum piece. What happened to it after it dropped out of sight that hot July day at Fort Buford on the Upper Missouri? Has it been preserved? How? Where?

Most museum specialists in American Indian objects have become very wary of so-called Sitting Bull relics. So many collectors bring in pipes, tobacco pouches, knives, war clubs, moccasins or feather headdresses with the unsupported verbal claim that these articles once belonged to the great chief Sitting Bull, that experienced curators have become suspicious of all such objects. Surely there must be almost enough so-called Sitting Bull relics in circulation to rearm and reclothe the Sioux.

Yet, curiously enough, there may be a truthful basis to many of these claims. After his surrender, Sitting Bull, the public enemy was transformed into a hero in the eyes of the public. Newspaper men went west to interview him. People begged him for autographs and souvenirs. And Sitting Bull was smart enough to try to meet the demand. Ten days after his formal surrender he was copying his name on a piece of paper and selling it to men and boys for three dollars an autograph. On August first he sold his smoked-glass goggles for five dollars, his pipe for $100. The *Chicago Tribune* reporter, who noted these transactions, concluded "he has a keen eye for business."

Doubtless Sitting Bull's market for souvenirs expanded in succeeding years when he appeared in local and travelling exhibitions and when he toured with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in '85. Hundreds of Indian relics may have been distributed, at a good price, by the one and only Sitting Bull himself. However, it is improbable that rifles were among the articles passed out by the wily chief before or after performances.

Museum curators and experienced collectors have come to insist upon proof of authenticity of Sitting Bull relics. Granted such proof is very difficult to furnish. In the case of the surrender gun this proof would have to be of such nature as to reasonably place the weapon in Sitting Bull's hands at the surrender site on that memorable day of July 20, 1881, three quarters of a century ago.

Thirteen years after the surrender, Major James L. Bell deposited a collection of Plains Indian materials in the U.S. National Museum, a division of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. As a Captain in '81, Bell had been one of the officers present when Sitting Bull surrendered at Fort Buford. His collection contained a number of items obtained from Hunkpapa Sioux of Sitting Bull's band. One of them was a gun identified by Bell briefly as "surrendered by Sitting Bull." This was not a rifle (as the reporter had referred to the surrender weapon) but a smoothbore flintlock bearing the lockplate imprint "Barnett, London, 1876."

This flintlock gun had been converted into a carbine by its Indian owner simply by cutting a section off the front of the barrel. That was an old Indian practice. In the early years of the 19th century the iron salvaged from this operation was reused for making arrowheads.

In spite of Major Bell's claim, it seems highly improbable that Sitting Bull, proud leader of the hostiles, would have carried such an antique type of weapon in '81. Official records of the surrender of Crow King, Sitting Bull's lieutenant, and his immediate followers 5 months earlier stated that nearly all the firearms given up by them were Winchester or Henry rifles. Indians who knew Sitting Bull well have said that he owned repeating rifles prior to '81. It would appear most likely, then, that this flintlock, a good example of the trade gun in common use among western Indians before the development of repeating arms, may have been one of the guns surrendered by one of Sitting Bull's *followers* at Fort Buford. Long after the more desirable but more expensive repeaters became available in the late '60s, flintlocks were traded to and used by poor and some middle class Indians.

Then in the year 1946 a Winchester turned up in a fine collection of Sioux Indian artifacts collected in the early 1880s. The initials "S.B." carved in the stock were not particularly significant but the records accompanying it were. This gun was part of the personal collection of the late Col. David H. Brotherton, who had been the commanding officer at Fort Buford to whom Sitting Bull surrendered. Brotherton's written record designated this as the weapon Sitting Bull turned over to him at that time.

Upon receipt of this gun's serial number, the manufacturers wrote me that the number, 124,335 F.S. was given to a Winchester Model 1866, Caliber .44 rimfire, in carbine form. The magazine held 13 cartridges and the gun was nickel finished before it left the factory. It was manufactured in 1875 and shipped on November 5, 1875. The letters "F.S." after the number may have stood for "Fancy Stock," a stock of very fine wood. This piece was not priced in the 1875 Winchester catalog, but in 1873 its list price was $40 plus $2 for the nickel plating. The company had no record of the purchaser of this weapon.

Sitting Bull's son Crow Foot, who handed over his father's rifle to Major Brotherton at Fort Buford.

This firearm was a far cry from the muzzle-loading flintlock. In range, accuracy and rapidity of fire it ranked with the most efficient military weapons of its time. In fact the Swiss government found it the finest gun for arming its sharpshooters. The Model '66 also saw action in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. Henry M. Stanley carried one of these guns when he searched for Dr. Livingstone in Africa.

In the absence of records we can only speculate as to how Sitting Bull could have acquired this efficient and expensive weapon. Certainly the manufacturers weren't selling Winchester repeaters to hostile Indians in 1875. It is equally certain that Sitting Bull didn't buy this gun over the counter in a licensed trader's store on one of the Sioux reservations. Three years before this piece was made, the sale of repeating arms and fixed ammunition to the Sioux by reservation traders was prohibited by the United States. Yet, as the Indian Agent at Fort Peck pointed out in 1874, there was no law to prevent avaricious traders from selling guns to Indians, no matter how hostile, provided the transaction occurred off the reservation.

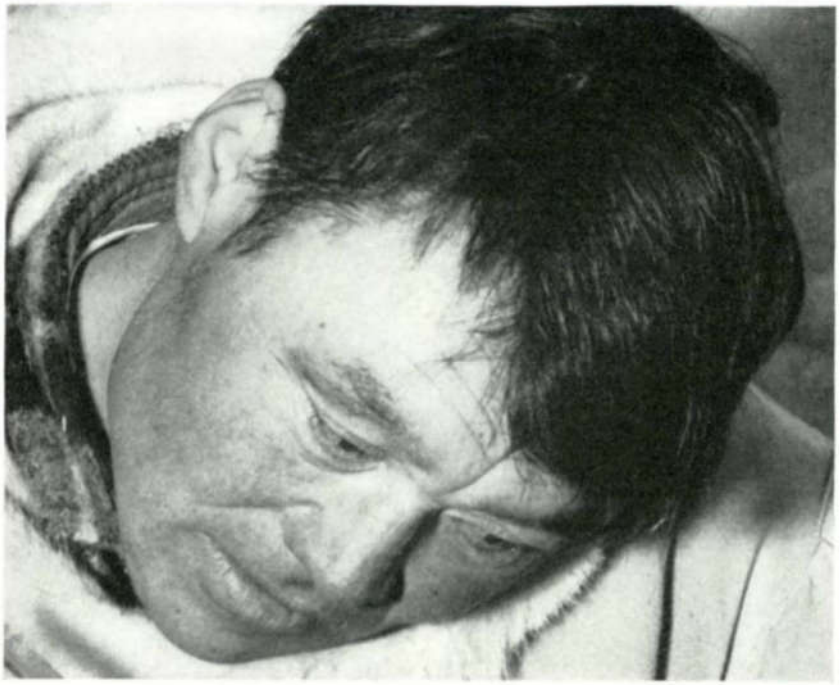
The Indians themselves were very secretive about their acquisition of guns and ammunition. Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull, wife of one of Sitting Bull's staunchest supporters, recalled that the men sometimes went on long trips with buffalo robes and tanned deer and elk hides. They returned with bright new guns and many rounds of ammunition. Their wives knew the men's movements were secret ones. So they never asked questions about them.

We do know that as early as the summer of 1873, soldiers who bested the Hunkpapa Sioux, Sitting Bull's people, in a skirmish on the Yellowstone River, found two new Winchesters left on the field by retreating Indians. They thought these arms came from "that center of iniquity in Indian affairs" Fort Peck. However, it is more probable that these guns came from unlicensed American or Canadian traders farther north. In the summer of '74, trade in breech-loaders and fixed ammunition from a post on the Canadian boundary was known to the U.S. Army. In mid-April 1876, only two months before the Custer debacle on the Little Big Horn, daring Red River half-breeds were trading ammunition to the Sioux in the Black Hills.

Probably through an unlicensed trader operating off reservation, or on a portion of a reservation remote from headquarters, Sitting Bull's nickeled Winchester first passed into Indian hands. Possibly one of his younger followers obtained it from the trader as a gift for the chief.

I wish we knew more about the part this gun may have played in the frontier warfare of the late '70s. Did Sitting Bull receive it before the Custer Battle? Did it see action in that most debated engagement in the history of the United States Army? Was it employed in later skirmishes with whites or enemy Indians? These things we may never know. Yet, even if this gun was never fired in anger it should be remembered as a symbol of the final capitulation of the last tired and hungry remnant of the hostile Sioux and their renowned leader. The surrender of this weapon marked the end of a dramatic era in the colourful history of the Great Plains. ◆

SEEGUAPIK



ARTIST

In the last few years, stone carvings by Eskimos of Canada's Arctic have won widespread acclaim, and considerable curiosity has been expressed as to how they are made. This is the first time, we believe, that a series of photographs has been published showing how this is done.

Seeguapik is a sculptor who lives at Povungnetuk on the east coast of Hudson Bay just below the 60th parallel. Like the rest of his race, he is completely untutored, and yet he has created a number of carvings that, by any criterion, must be regarded as art of a very high standard. He makes no clay models and no drawings from which to work. With only the shape of the design figure in his head, he hacks, and chips, and files away with his rough tools until the image emerges.

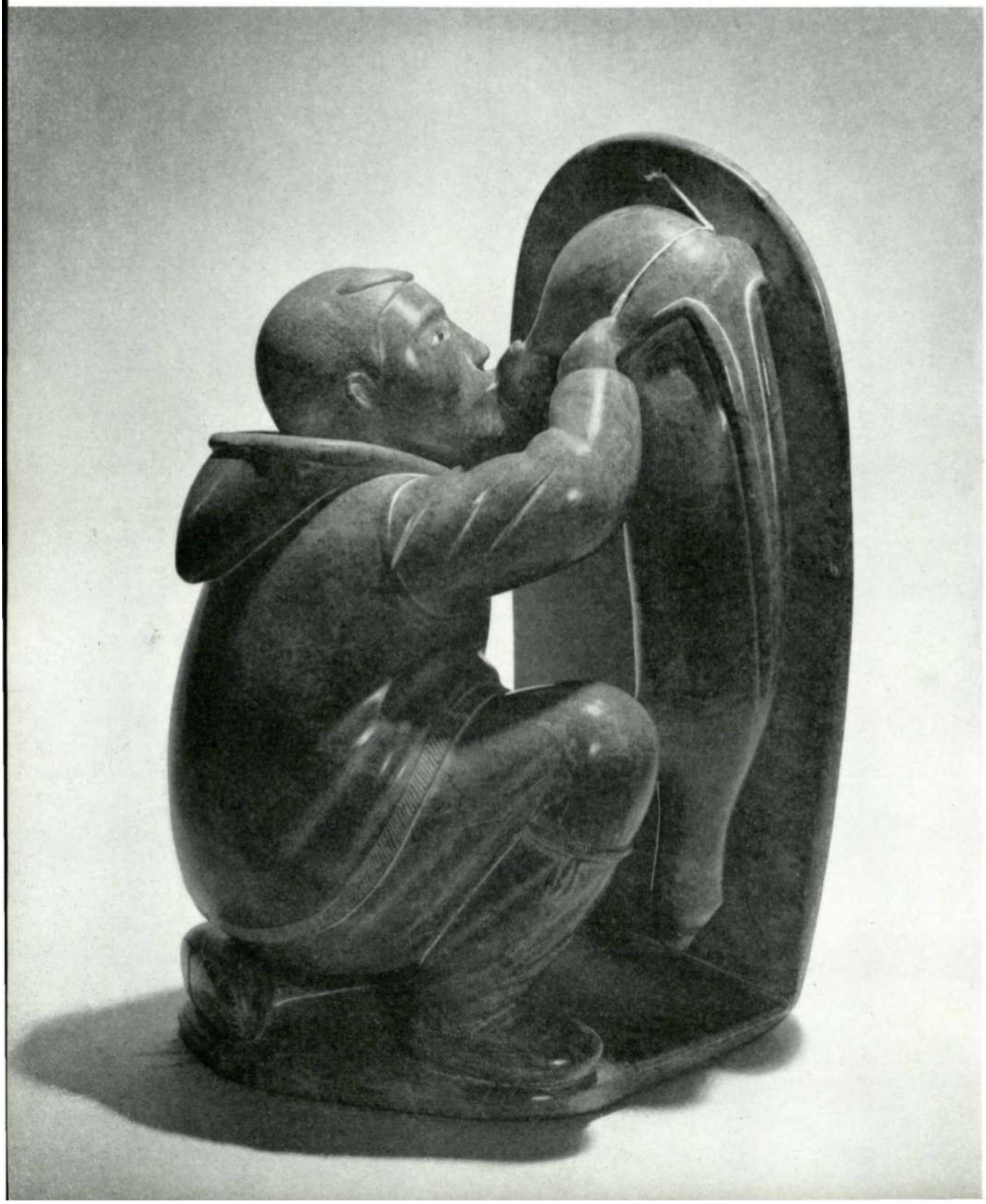
The material he works with is brittle and fragile. A mistake is practically irreparable. But this is the way all Eskimo sculptors work—from impressions and images stored up while watching their fellow Eskimos, and the animals they hunt, in motion and at rest. Thus it is that Eskimo carvings are a true art, inasmuch as they reflect the life and times of the people around them.

The carvings of Seeguapik have always been naturalistic and finely finished in detail, but his originality shows in his choice of subject. He is constantly searching out new things to carve and each time shows us an incident in the life of his people. And always they have strength of composition and form. Always they have interest of line and shape. Always they have sensitivity.

Seeguapik is an Eskimo hunter who must share the hardships and trials that are the lot of these people who live far to the North. His name to us may be strange and his tongue not our tongue, but he speaks to us nonetheless. For Seeguapik is an artist.

Photographed by Peter Murdoch

The photos on the following pages show how this fine carving was made. The man is skinning a large otter that hangs from the wall of his igloo. Height of the piece is about ten inches.



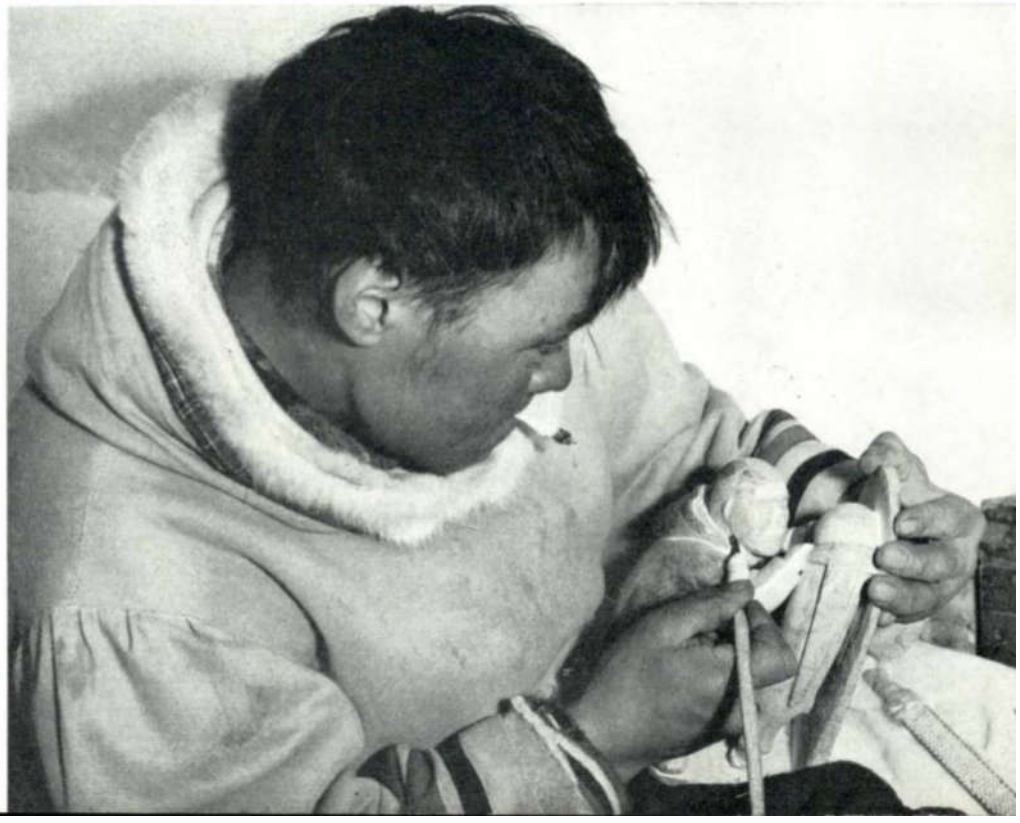
Seeguapik (whose name was spelt Sheruapik in last spring's "Beaver") saws up a block of soapstone in his snowhouse.

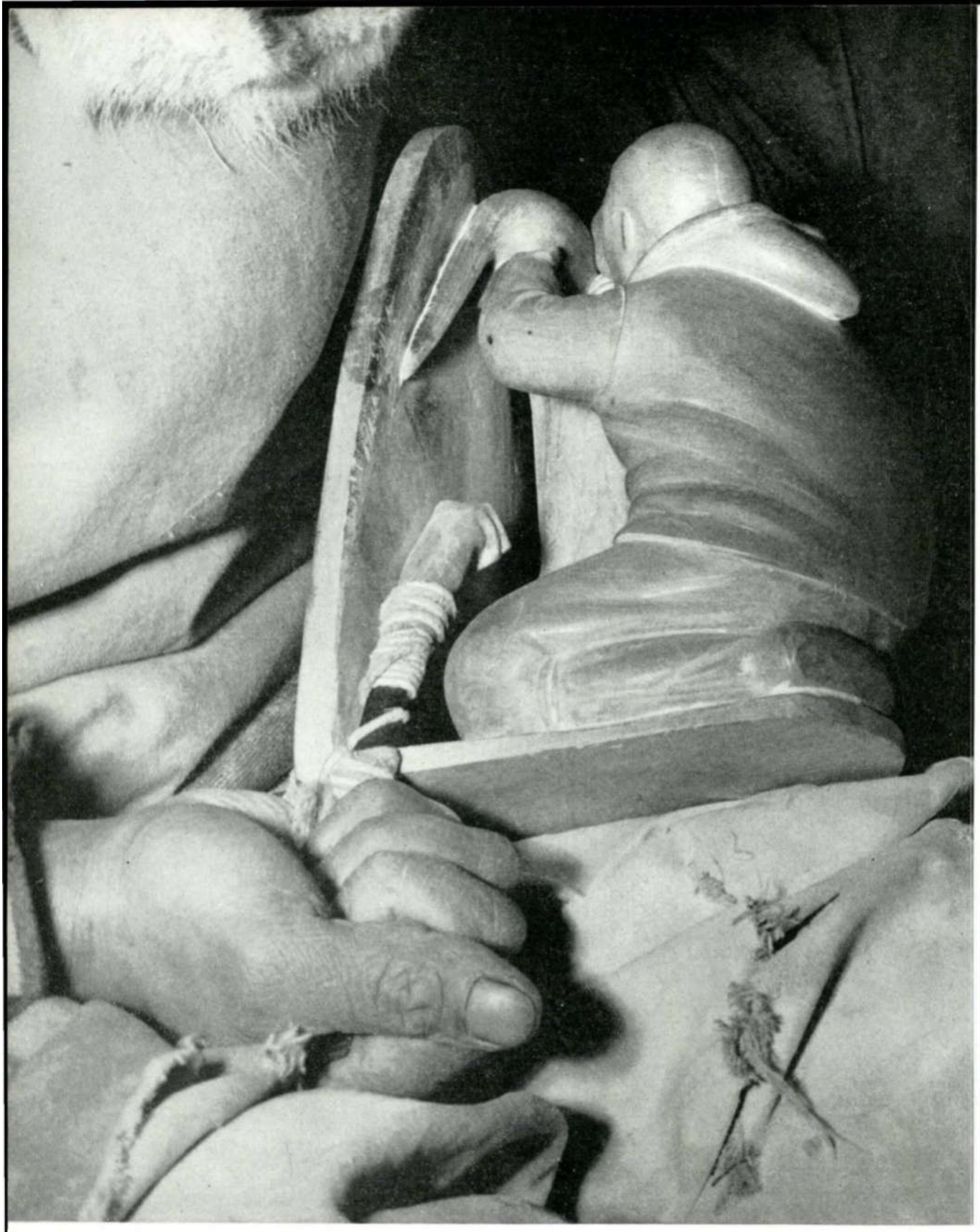
Outside in the Arctic night he roughs out the carving with a hatchet. This photo is taken from almost the same angle as the one on the opposite page.

With a special tool he has made, consisting of a file sharpened like a chisel and bound to a stick, he chips out more detail. (That is his gloved thumb in the background . . . not his foot.)

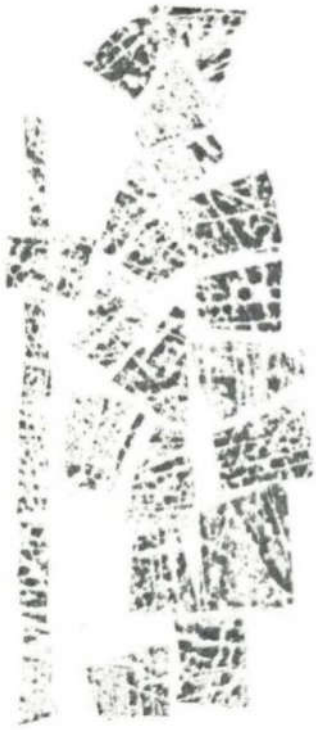
Preliminary smoothing is done with a rasp.

The jaw line is sharpened with the handle end of a rat-tail file.

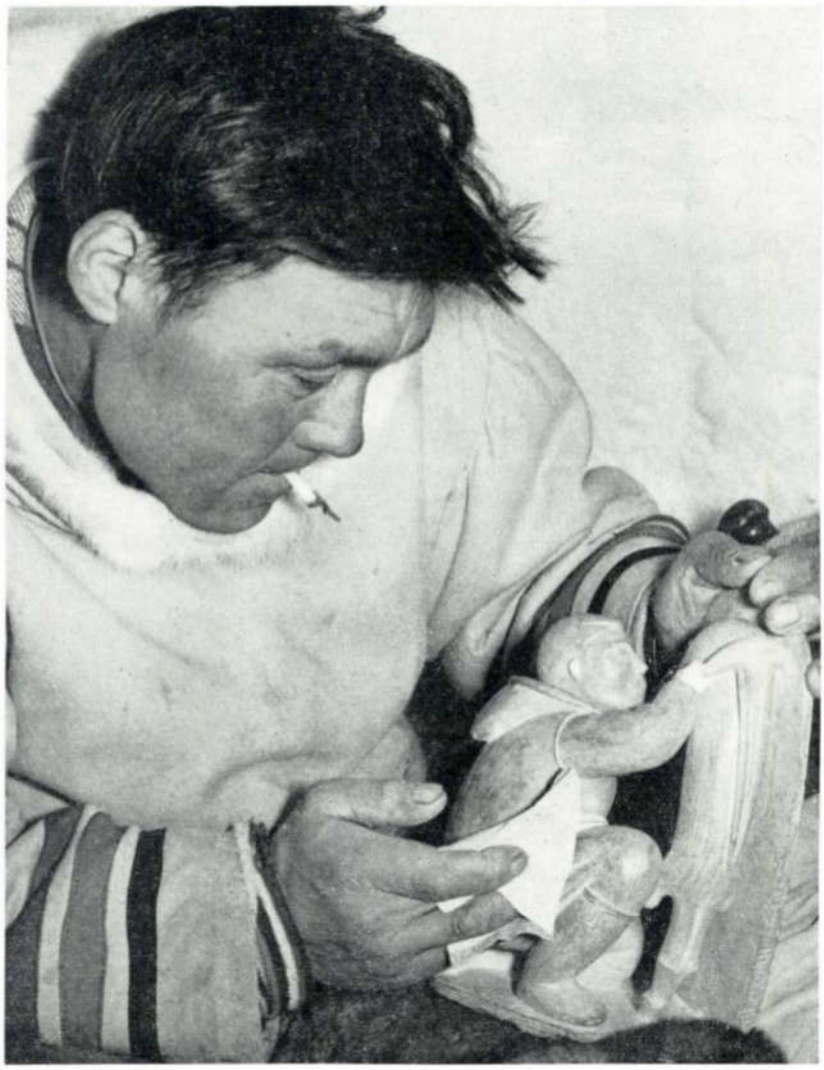




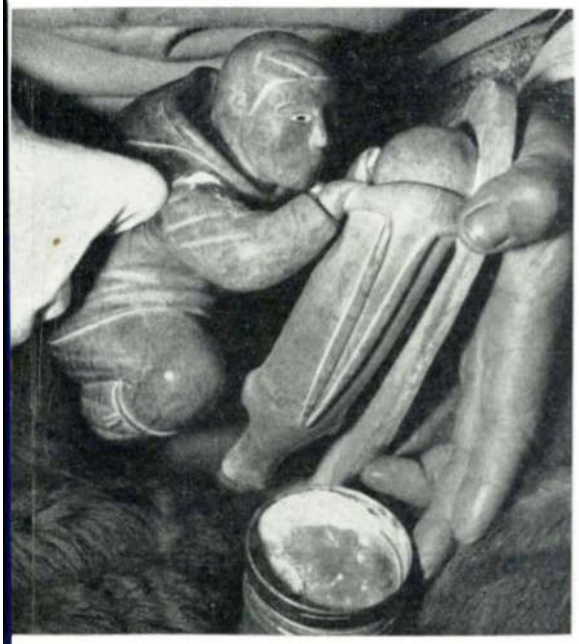
With a piece of soft leather bound to an old hacksaw blade, he buffs up the wall of the igloo.



A final finish is imparted to the piece by polishing with stone dust. The size of the artist's capable hands can be judged by comparing them with the ten-inch carving.



Further smoothing is accomplished with sandpaper.



He brings the finished piece, along with two smaller ones, to the post manager, Peter Murdoch, who took these pictures of his friend at work. Mr. Murdoch gives great encouragement to the natives of Povungnetuk, where some of the finest Eskimo sculpture is now being produced.

HISTORY FOR MODERNS

by Clifford Wilson

Photos from H B C Historical Exhibition.

The new-style history museum displays are arresting, informative and lively.

DEAR Mr. Curator: I'm glad I visited your museum, because I like to see the things I read about in books." That note, from a school child, is a prized possession of a successful museum in the States; for it sums up in the simplest language one of the main reasons for a museum's existence—to show the visitor things that he has heard or read about but never seen. If a picture of an object is worth a thousand words of description, how much more informative is the sight of the object itself, in three dimensions. That is *it*!

But, of course, that is only the beginning. A modern museum is not a mere storehouse of curiosities. It sets out to tell a sequential story, partly with words, partly with objects. Seventy years ago a far-sighted American museum man named George B. Goode (and he was, too . . .) made quite a stir among the members of his profession when he said: "An efficient educational museum may be described as a collection of instructive labels, each illustrated by a well selected specimen."

In those days, when many museums were simply confusing collections of curios, he was laughed at for making such a statement. But time has shown how right he was. Today, in a properly organized history or natural history museum, each object displayed is carefully chosen to illus-

Left: Food preparation by Indians and Eskimos is illustrated here. Copper and birchbark pails hung over the coloured cardboard "fire" indicate how much nearer the flames the white man's kettle can be placed. The Eskimo carving of a mother with large stone lamp and dish is connected to the real lamp and dish on the side. Hot-stone boiling is pictured in the stylised drawing, against a flame-coloured wall.

Right: At the entrance a brightly lit "egg-crate" displays choice items from various cultures. Next to it is a screen of snowshoes on cords.

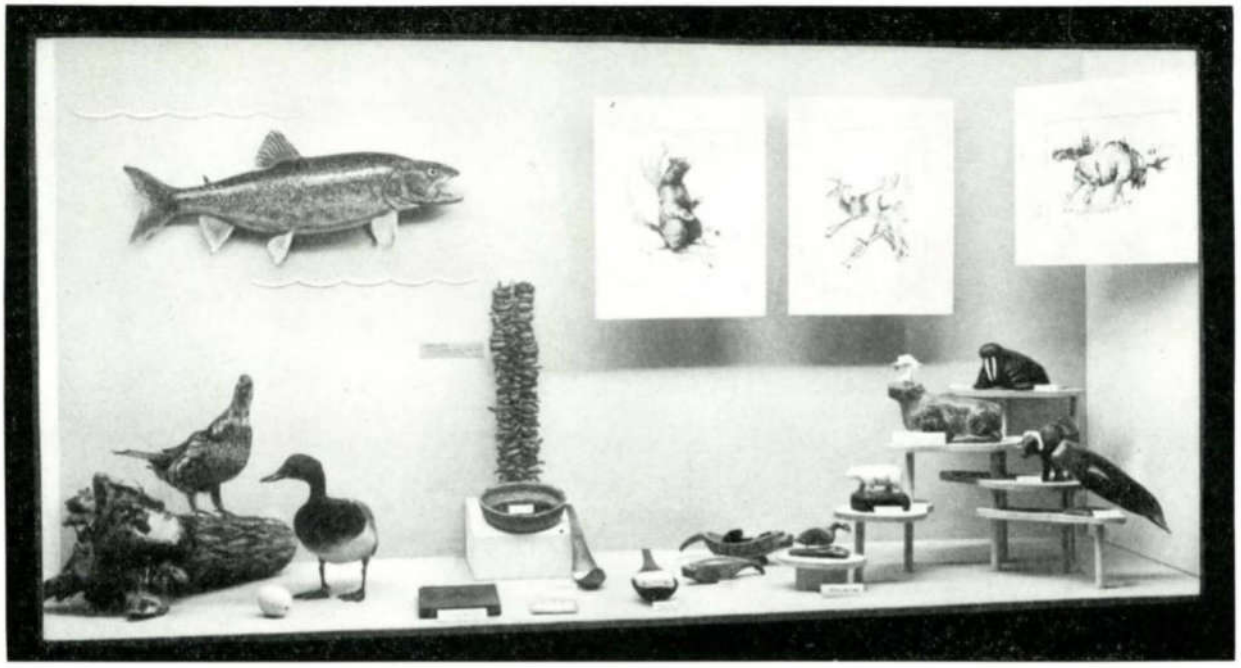
trate a certain point in the story to be told, and whatever is irrelevant is put aside. In this, modern practice differs sharply from that of the old-time museum, which often showed half a dozen or more identical specimens in the same case—a habit that has been pithily described as "visible storage."

People today are much more sensitive to design than they used to be. One sees this in architecture, in interior decoration, in automobiles (where style now seems to be the chief selling point), and in store windows. And of course there is a clear parallel to be drawn between store windows and museum "windows."

So the objects in a museum exhibit must be arranged as attractively as possible, without any sense of crowding, and without detracting from the clarity of the story they are meant to tell.

Museum case-fronts, it has been said, should be magic casements opening on an unfamiliar but fascinating world. The task of the museum man is to make that world come to life—a difficult job when he's working with things that have no life in them. All the knowledge of the curator, all the artistry of the display man, must be brought into play. Some knowledge of the subject on the visitor's part is assumed; otherwise he wouldn't be there, looking through the glass.

Visitors with specialized knowledge, however, will never be satisfied. Several years ago an elderly maiden lady took a tour through the Hudson's Bay museum in Winnipeg. Daughter of a celebrated Chief Trader, she had been born and raised in the fur trade, and had spent her sixteenth birthday manning the defences of a fort besieged by Indians, who later took her prisoner. As a child she had been shot at while berrying, by Indians using stone-tipped arrows. She had lived adventure with a vengeance, and the sight of all those objects behind plate glass—some of them commonplace things of her younger days—aroused in her no enthusiasm. "As far as I'm concerned," she told the curator in her forthright manner, "it's dead. There



Some food sources for Canadian natives are shown here in the flesh, in "Beaver" drawings, and in Eskimo sculpture. In the middle is a stick of dried clams and a basket of wild rice. White man's food includes sugar, flour, tallow, and a tea brick.

was excitement and danger in the life of the fur trade, and I don't find it here." And yet, if she had been asked, with all her first-hand knowledge of the subject, to set up the exhibits, would they have created the atmosphere she asked for? It's very doubtful.

Nevertheless, her remarks were challenging, to put it mildly. In a history museum, the past must be made to live. It isn't enough for those in charge to know the subject inside out. They must be able to tell their story, clearly and understandably, with a few inanimate objects. As Arthur Parker, the author of the standard *Manual for History Museums*, put it: "There must be something in the museum that seems to pulse with life, that thrills the beholder, that enables him to see that he is a part of history."

The scalp and the painting of a scalp dance were collected in the same year, 1822-3. The background is magenta.

If the museum displays can make the visitor feel that he is one of the actors in the drama, instead of merely one of the audience, they have accomplished a great deal. Children, who aren't ashamed of showing that they are imaginative, are easiest to lure into this state of mind. But the average adult, fresh from the city streets, is more difficult to persuade. The personal element must be there, making him feel that he can reach out across the years—or the centuries—and for a brief and charmed spell, picture himself as an inhabitant of another age.

It used to be held that any museum which did not possess a mummy was unworthy of the name. And perhaps there was something in that! The sight of a human form, dried and shrunken and grisly though it may be, at once establishes a kinship between the person outside the case looking in and the "person" inside it. One's imagination takes hold, trying to envision the sort of human being who inhabited that body so long ago, and the life he lived—a life so completely different from ours, and yet governed by the same basic feelings and desires.

Mummies are not exactly *de rigueur* in museums today, and the human touch must be achieved less directly, through objects that men and women made and used in far-off days. Therefore, instead of exhibiting these objects "cold" on the walls or floor of a case, they are shown in action. A bow is drawn, with an arrow in place and perhaps

another in flight. A fire-drill is shown upright, perhaps between a pair of hands, with its base in a piece of charred wood. A kettle is shown suspended over flames, either cut out of coloured cardboard or painted on the case back. In this way the visitor with any imagination can see himself drawing that bow on his quarry, twirling that fire-stick to make his campfire, and cooking the product of the chase in that kettle. And by so doing he becomes an actor in history instead of a spectator.

These are simple instances. But the same principle of giving life to inanimate objects holds good in many other ways. Background colour can help to induce a mood—red for weapons, sea-green for water-transport or fishing, white for winter clothing, or sleds and snowshoes, and so on. And different colours can add greatly to the attractiveness of the whole museum.

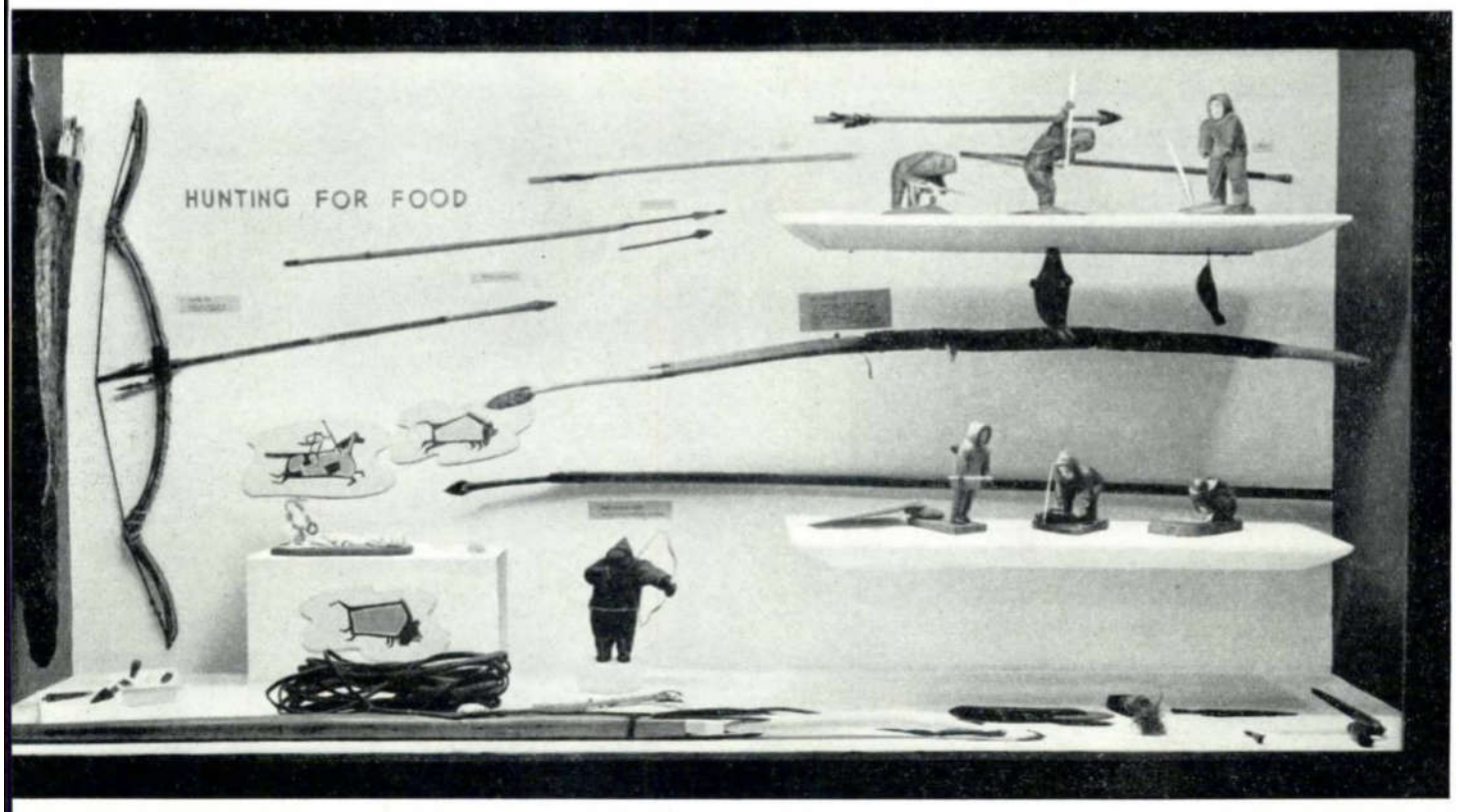
Such techniques of display were possible in the old style museum. But some modern features were not. Controlled lighting, for instance, is one of our great advantages today. With spotlights, floodlights, coloured lights, striking effects can be achieved that were not dreamed of fifty years ago. Then there are different kinds of plastics, especially "styrofoam" which can double handily for ice or snow, and can be cut with a knife to form shelves and pedestals.

In recent years museum cases have also undergone a radical change for the better. Twenty-five years ago the recommended size for a wall case in a small museum was about 7′ high, 5′ wide and about 1′ deep. Today cases are usually wider and much deeper than that, and the bases higher. This gives the display man much more latitude and brings the material on the bottom of the case nearer the eye of the beholder. This last feature is important because people on the whole aren't as supple as they used to be, and dislike bending over.

And it must be confessed that they aren't as curious as they used to be, either. As T. R. Adam has written in his *Civic Value of Museums:* "The social pressure that made some form of cultural participation almost obligatory for ambitious people [in the 19th century] appears to have changed its direction towards the petty fields of sport and entertainment. The Linnaean societies and Pre-Raphaelite groups of our grandfathers have been replaced by our country clubs and bridge parties. . . . In the days when it was fashionable to have a mind of one's own . . . the halls of a museum were used by the general public as a private laboratory or art gallery. Visitors brought an interest already sharpened, to a study of the exhibits. . . . The task of the museum has been to arouse once more public appreciation of first-hand material, to create understanding of the original sources of learning. To do this, exhibits have had to be made dramatic and colourful in their own rights."

That the new techniques of display are succeeding is evident from the growing numbers of people that each year visit museums across the continent. We in Canada have learned many valuable lessons from the best museums to the south of us, and although we cannot match them in either wealth of possessions or wealth of funds, we can at least borrow from them some of their wealth of ideas. After all, it isn't what a museum *has* that matters: the important thing is what it *does* with what it has. ◆

Stone carvings on shelves of styrofoam show Eskimos spearing seals through the ice, taking them home, cutting them up, and pegging out the skins. Arrows with heads of stone, bone, copper and steel are shown in flight.



A Portuguese schooner berthed at a Water Street wharf.

STREET OF THE SCHOONERS

by Adelaide Leitch

Photos by the author except where otherwise noted.

ST. John's, Newfoundland, rises beside one of the most perfect natural harbours in the world—solidly rock-bound, all but concealed from the ocean side, and entered only through the slit of The Narrows. Here grew—illegally—Britain's first overseas colony. And here, around the north rim of the port, so close to the waterfront that the back windows of its shops are sometimes slapped with spray in bad storms, runs Water Street, the oldest street in North America.

In its windows are trawls for the Grand Banks and jiggers for the hand lines of inshore fishing, fashions from New York and London, handicrafts of Labrador, and trout flies for the "troutin" that becomes the all-Newfoundland sport on May 24 each year. It boasts one of Canada's last cigar store Indians and, in cellars under the pavements, wine mellowing for the royal tables of England, as it has been doing since the days of the Spanish Armada.

Behind the shop fronts that resolutely try to shut out the sea, fish lie split and spread-eagled, drying in the sun as they dry in the outports. Government laboratories housed on the same street send their boats out to the Atlantic Ocean at St. John's door to pry into the secrets of the cod. The cod were the fish that built Water Street, and the speech of the street still has the fine lilt of the sea about it when the season starts:

Schooner masts seen from Water Street. E. Maunder

Adelaide Leitch paused in her extensive travels to spend more than a year in St. John's, where she added editing to her usual occupations of writing and photography.

"Sure, b'y," they'll tell you with a knowing shake of the head, "the fishin's wonderful good this year."

Today, Premier "Joey" Smallwood talks Newfoundland industrialization over coffee at McMurdo's, and fishermen's oils mingle with the natty business suits of townsmen on Water Street. New cars pull up to the parking meters that now are necessary, but schooners rock at wharves a stone's throw from the business section. And at night, when activity moves to the upper levels of St. John's, you can hear the wind in the rigging along Water Street.

This ancient dowager street of America begins in the shadow of Signal Hill where Signor Guglielmo Marconi sent his wireless messages winging out over the Atlantic and received the first trans-Atlantic signal. Below lies the daily activity of the American Docks, and the big U.S.A.F. oil trucks that go rumbling along Water Street, discreetly followed by little red fire engines and bound for the Pepperrell Air Force base outside the town.

The street curves to follow the contours of the harbour, past the Hill of Chips and the War Memorial where a fisherman and a miner stare steadfastly toward the sea and where Princess Elizabeth came to lay a wreath.

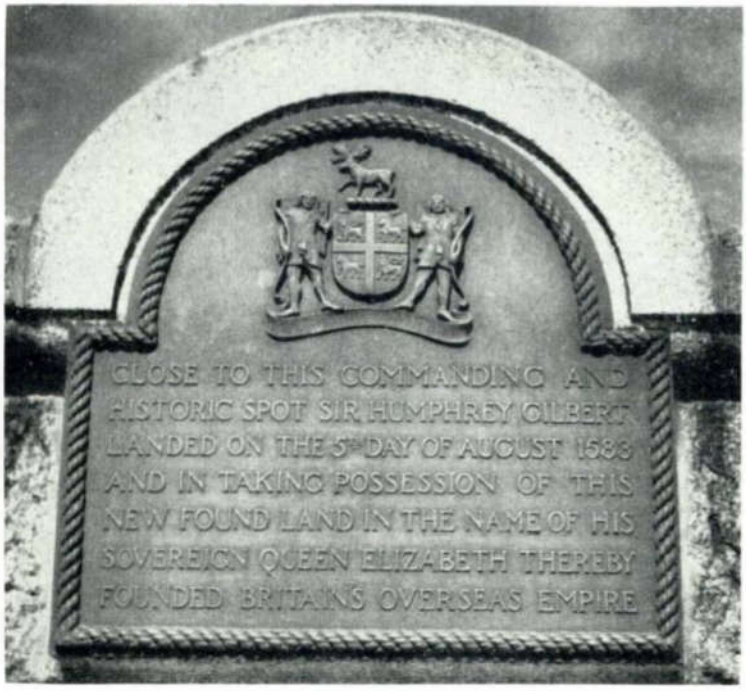
Modern housewives do their shopping near Spaniard's Wharf, once a favoured loading place for the ships that took Newfoundland cod to Spain. And, above Baird's Wharf, the big pile of the Court House glooms down across Water Street, with its clock recording Newfoundland Time, which is half an hour ahead of nearest mainland America.

Here and there, a shop front displays the chalked information, "Cod Tongues Today." Sometimes it is "Arctic Steak" (whale meat) or, in sealing seasons, "Flippers."

From the west end docks, the *Kyle* sails for Labrador, taking mail and supplies to the fishermen in the Straits of Belle Isle; a report from London, England, to the Moravian missionary at Hopedale; a priest for the yearly marrying and baptizing of the Indians camped at Northwest River.

Nearby sits the depot for the narrow-gauge "Newfie Express," now part of the C.N.R. system, that climbs to 1550 feet as it rumbles past "Main," "Mizzen" and "Gaff Topsail" hills on its way to Port Aux Basques. And, where Water Street peters out into Old Topsail road and Waterford Bridge road, the business establishments of the city's main street give way to stately homes drowsing under old eaves and modestly pulling a screen of foliage in front of themselves. Victoria Park gathers the west end children inside its iron gates.

Water Street was doing business 250 years before Halifax was begun; it was a port when New York was still a swamp, and "home" to 50-odd families a hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers even dreamed of America.


CLOSE TO THIS COMMANDING AND
HISTORIC SPOT SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT
LANDED ON THE 5TH DAY OF AUGUST 1583
AND IN TAKING POSSESSION OF THIS
NEW FOUND LAND IN THE NAME OF HIS
SOVEREIGN QUEEN ELIZABETH THEREBY
FOUNDED BRITAINS OVERSEAS EMPIRE

Along Water Street at St. John's, the oldest in North America, are the sounds and smells of the sea, and wine cellars that go back to Armada days.

This plaque below the war memorial commemorates the fact that Sir Humphrey Gilbert stood on Water St.—then "Lower Path"—when he claimed Newfoundland for England.

This old cigar-store Indian finds himself in modern surroundings.

Newfoundlanders trace their start to John Cabot who, in the tiny *Mathew*, arrived in the "new founde land" on St. John's Day, June 24, 1497. He returned home talking of waters teeming with fish and, for his pains, was rewarded rather meagrely by King Henry VII of England. An entry in the privy purse of the day confirms it:

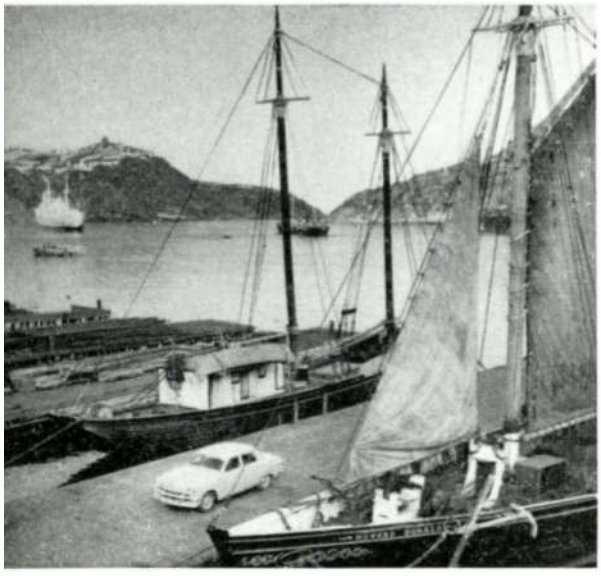
"August 10, 1497—To hym that found the new isle, 10£."

The first inhabitants, industrious fisherfolk from the west of England, came to Newfoundland the next year, and others soon followed, in spite of strict orders against habitation. English fish merchants were openly hostile from the start, seeing competition from these settlers alongside the cod banks. However, along the harbour rose stores and fish houses and the first rough homes of "Lower Path" as the waterfront street was then called.

Here, in the following years, came the earliest traders of the New World to do business with the pioneers who had defied the edicts of England. Among them was Newman of London, a powerful English firm that was supplying the tables of Henry VIII and, as a side line, backed Sir Francis Drake's voyage around the world in 1577. They had extensive fish "plantations" at Harbour Breton and Pushthrough, as well as a practical merchandising scheme under which their company galleons carried salt codfish to Portugal and exchanged it for salt and wine. Most of this was shipped direct to Britain, but some of it was smuggled, naturally, to St. John's and eventually reached mainland America via Yankee traders.

Newman's had the biggest "family" fleet under the English flag. When England saw a showdown with Spain looming, she began, as quickly as early communications would allow, to call home her merchant vessels in all parts of the world. Thus it was that, when the Spanish Armada

Newfoundland and Nova Scotian schooners tie up at the docks.



came sailing up, the entire Newman fleet was with Drake in England.

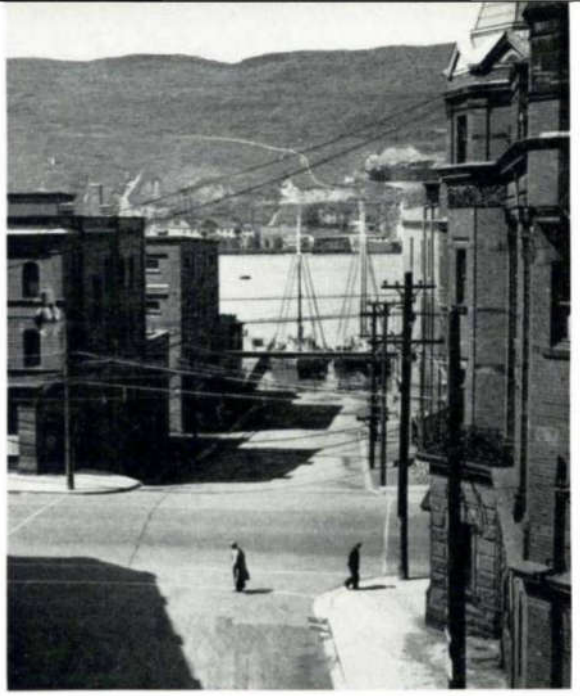
Before hurrying off home, however, one of Newman's canny managers had hidden stores of wine in Newfoundland. The wine, some of it concealed under Lower Path, remained untouched for nearly two years. Then, with the Armada smashed, the wines of Portugal cut off, and the victorious British extremely thirsty, Newman hastened off to retrieve the Newfoundland stocks.

This company had always enjoyed a name for good port wine. But when the connoisseurs of Devonshire, in 1589, tasted the aged-in-Newfoundland vintage, they decided it was not just good but positively aristocratic.

Suspecting that the British taste buds might have been over-stimulated by the years of abstinence, Newman nevertheless sent a shipment of wine to Newfoundland for aging the next year. Three years later, they tested it against a test shipment direct from Oporto—and found that, indeed, it was vastly improved.

In the years that followed, they tried aging their wines in various places—but none of them gave the Newfoundland results. Stone vaults, 200 years old, still mellow the Portuguese wine before it is shipped to the tables of British royalty and other connoisseurs. No controls of temperature or moisture are maintained, yet Newfoundland aging gives results impossible to duplicate. Why? It is still as much a mystery to the wine merchants as to the people who walk to and fro on the pavements of Water Street above.

Water Street—or Lower Path—came into existence gradually. As the early homes sprouted up along the waterfront, the settlers, walking from house to house, visiting, talking fish, lending and borrowing the much-needed staples of pioneer housekeeping, gradually wore down a path along the shore. At the end of ten years or so, it had become known as "Lower Path," and although still little more than a footpath, was the community's only street. In its early years, it was six feet wide, circled the harbour for two miles from Wood's Cove to Crossroads, and was flanked by upper levels of solid bushland. It had been in existence, as such, for over 75 years before Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, landed on King's Beach to obtain supplies and, at the same time, claim the island in the Queen's name.



Looking across Water Street and the harbour to the Southside Hills.

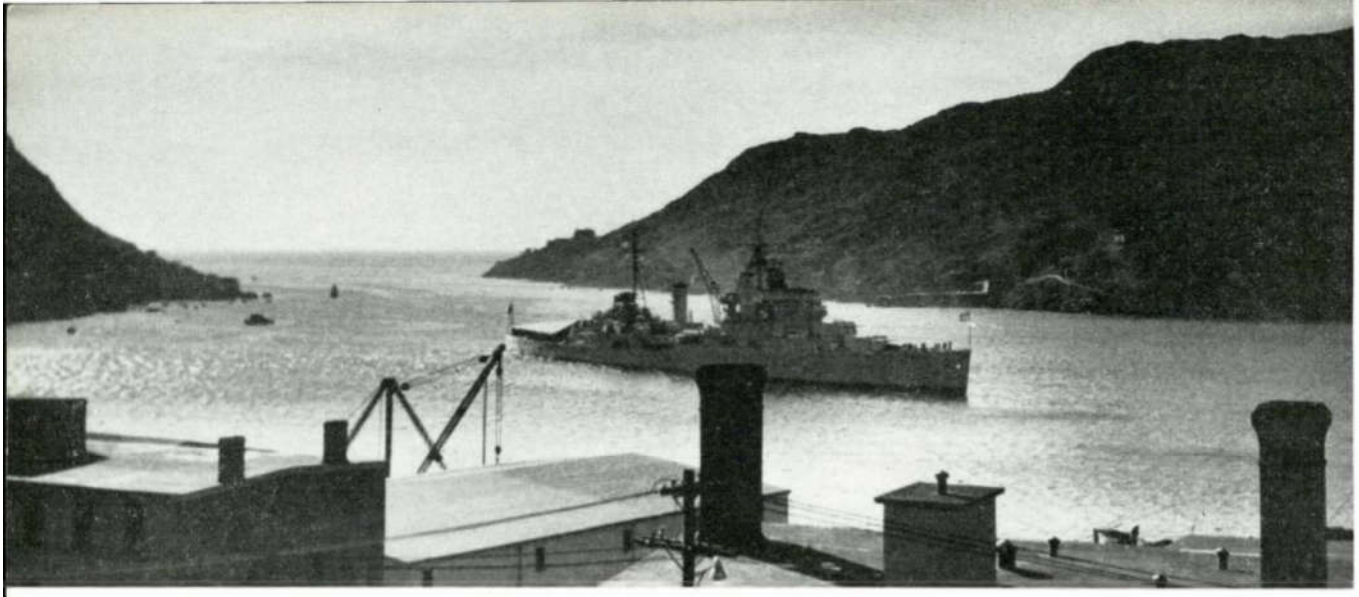
Facing the sea, on a spot near the present War Memorial, he read his historic proclamation on the 5th of August, 1583, taking possession of Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth and thus laying the cornerstone of Britain's overseas empire.

No formal attempt at colonization was attempted for the next quarter century. Then, in 1610, John Guy made a not-too-successful attempt to found a settlement at Cupids, in Conception Bay. This, and several others, were later united under Sir David Kirke, but the venture failed and settlement was then forbidden until the beginning of the 19th century.

However, Gilbert's arrival, along with the early attempts at settlement, touched off an explosive period in island history. Previously, Newfoundland had been considered a big, stationary ship anchored off North America to serve the various fishing ships. Little by little, however, St. John's had assumed a position of undisputed, if illegal, capital of an island already beginning to be honeycombed with tiny fishing villages.

It was a situation hardly to the liking of the French, who established their own headquarters at Placentia in 1662 and began to fortify it. In November, 1696, the

On wash days the Portuguese Grand-Bankers spread more than their sails to the breeze. Daily News



A cruiser steams through the Narrows that guard the harbour of St. John's.

French disquiet erupted. Under Governor Brouillan and Le Moyne d'Iberville they marched overland, captured and destroyed St. John's. Next year, Britain sent over a force and took it back, when d'Iberville was away capturing Hudson's Bay Company ships and forts in Hudson Bay.

Again in 1705, a French force of 450 men invaded St. John's, took 200 prisoners, levelled Lower Path, but withdrew without capturing the fortifications. Another invasion followed three years later, and it was only the Treaty of Utrecht, signed in 1713, that ended, temporarily, the French attacks.

It was not the end of them, however. By 1762, Britain and France were at war. The French, landing at Bay Bulls, marched overland, to be met at the foot of Signal Hill by the British, coming across from Torbay. The British emerged victorious, and next year, when the Treaty of Paris was signed, peace at last came to the fish stages of Lower Path.

Problems of governing the little colony were always thorny. In the early days, law and order was in the hands of the Fishing Admirals, with the master of the first fishing vessel to arrive in the spring being the ruler absolute for that year. Sometimes he was fair. More often, the justice he meted out was harsh, but Britain, who had forbidden settlement in the first place, had little interest in protecting her illegal settlers.

Under Oliver Cromwell, the little colony had a brief breathing space when a Commission of fourteen governed the island but, when Charles II came to the throne, the Fishing Admirals again became the law-makers. It was not until 1729 that the British Parliament appointed the first governor—with a resultant bitter clash between him and the admirals until his authority was established. In 1809, the rule of the admirals finally came to an end by statute. And in 1811, more than three centuries after the first families built their homes there, settlement in Newfoundland was allowed.

The nineteenth century brought Lower Path a new ogre—fire. A bad one started in 1816; another struck in midwinter of 1817, with another one thirteen days later that levelled the whole street and left 2,000 people homeless in the bitter cold of that year. Again in 1846, St. John's was half destroyed. The Great Fire of 1892, worst of the century, blazed for 16 hours. But rebuilding after it was over was on a vastly improved scale that showed the shape of a St. John's still to come.

Lower Path remained the only street of the little settlement until 1800, and the shippers begrudged its every effort at expansion. A land tenure report of 1883 pointed out, rather huffily, that Water Street had "attained its present breadth by encroaching on the harbour." About the same time, the harbour front was cut down even more when the island's first railway line, a narrow-gauge, spur affair, spun itself out along the harbour to parallel Water Street.

Water Street and St. John's grew together. A century and a quarter ago, one of the city's major department stores began when "Benny" Bowring started a watchmaking business there. Once, returning home by sea, his ship was attacked by pirates seven miles from St. John's and he himself—along with his only possession of value, a grandfather's clock—was abandoned on the ice. Benny dragged the clock back home with him to the capital, and there it still is today, ticking inscrutably away in the modern offices of Bowring Brothers Ltd., Water Street's most impressive store.

Public buildings began to appear—the post office in 1886, and the Customs House which, a little over 80 years ago, was one of St. John's most modern hostelries. With the business of fish came the business of boat building; enterprising workmen sometimes launched their new boats clear across Water Street into the water. For, so closely does this street follow the shape of the harbour, that a modern daily newspaper recently played a hair-raising

April Fool's prank with a front-page picture of a freighter ploughing through the stores and blocking traffic. More than one person gasped in horror—before they laughed.

The first cobblestones of Water Street were laid in 1899; they paved it with over 8,000 tons of asphalt fifty years later, to make it the easternmost link of the proposed Trans-Canada Highway. When, on August 29, 1949, Mayor Andrew Carnell cut the official tape to open the new Water Street, over 4,400 people came to the street dance.

There were suspiciously wet eyes, however, when the new city buses appeared, and they tore up the old trolley tracks. The old street cars chugged from one end of the street to the other, climbing up to Duckworth Street on the next level via an alley, both sides of which you could touch from the car windows. Never noted for punctuality, the streetcars would wait for regular passengers who were late, stop to let riders view a street fight or buy a cup of coffee.

It was a thoroughly blacked-out street during World War II when the harbour of St. John's was often literally solid with ships and Chain Rock once more was used to close off The Narrows at nightfall. Over eight thousand officers of Allied navies—Canadian, British, American, Russian, Norwegian, Free French, Polish, Dutch, New Zealand, Australian and South African—knew Water Street intimately, and got much-needed relaxation at the "Crow's Nest" club in an east end warehouse. St. John's opened its heart and its homes to the visiting servicemen, while their ships anchored alongside its main street.

Then came the major move of Confederation, and at midnight on March 31, 1949, Newfoundland became the tenth province of Canada. It rocked Water Street from one end to the other, for here was the stronghold of Newfoundland business and the big shop-keepers with a powerful monopoly on the island. A handful of Newfoundlanders even pulled down their blinds, lowered flags to half mast and hung black crepe on their doors. They were in no mood for criticism or high-pressuring from the mainland, and when some mainlanders complained too vocally, the Newfoundlanders resented it to the depths of their independent souls.

"Why" demanded one visitor sourly, "don't you give this country back to the Indians?"

The answer has now gone down in history—

"We have."

To-day, old resentments are passing, and a new generation is growing up. The ancient windings of Water Street have pavements and neon signs and even a few heated sidewalks. Like any main street in Canada, it has restaurants, bookstores, department stores, printing plants, newspapers.

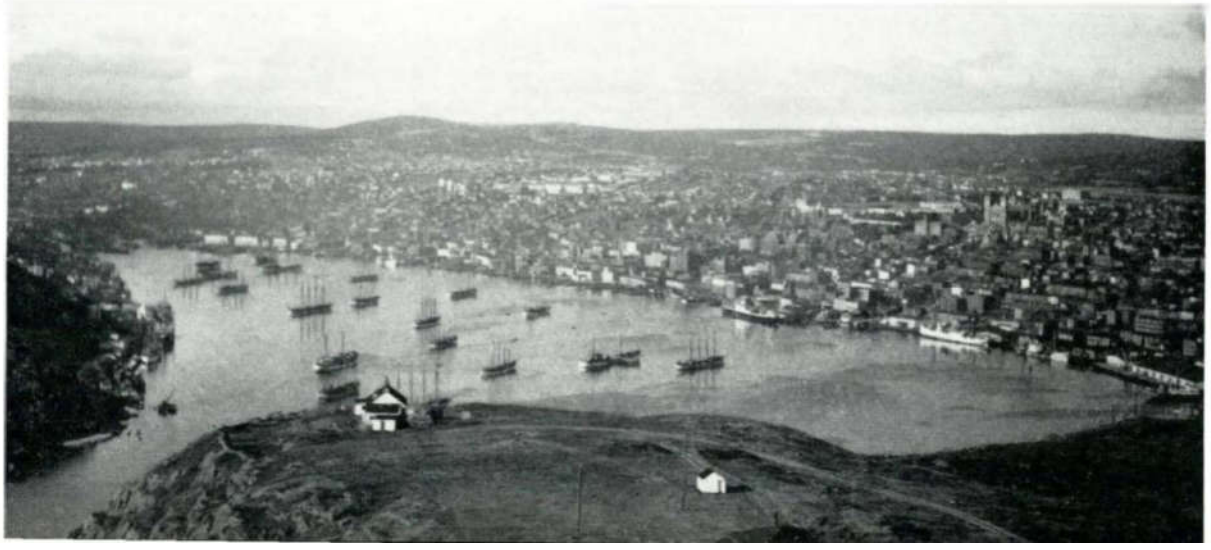
But, alongside, there is still its heritage of the sea.

The loveliest thing that happens to Water Street is probably the annual springtime flotilla of the Portuguese. These white three- and four-masters sometimes arrive in a fleet, white sails billowing as they head through the Narrows. They fan out around the inner sanctum of St. John's harbour, and the little multi-coloured dories with their bright, triangular sails scud back and forth before the city, as they stock up on supplies and bait for the Grand Banks fishing, later for the trip to Greenland cod banks.

Family men, often intensely homesick for Portugal, the seamen turn skipping ropes for St. John's children, and shop in Water Street stores for nylons to take home to their women. They march up the Hill of Chips, singing Portuguese tunes and carrying big bags of laundry to wash in Newfoundland's freshwater streams. And then one day, as quietly and as quickly as they came, the Portuguese ships are gone for another year.

Water Street goes back to the day-by-day business of any city street. But always, lifting it above the commonplace, there are the sounds and the smells of the sea, and an inescapable sense of the past—a dim awareness of the generations that have walked this "Lower Path" down the centuries. ◆

St. John's, with the Portuguese fishing fleet in harbour, from Signal Hill. Water Street runs along the far shore. E. Maunder



RANGERS OF FROBISHER

by Ambrose Shea

Extracts from the diary of a Ranger officer who, when three VIP's landed at Frobisher Bay, had to train an Eskimo guard of honour in less time than it takes to say itsuarkattarpok.*

3 Apr 56 *Frobisher, N.W.T.*

BECAUSE of work connected with D.E.W. Line and the setting-up of an "Eskimo Centre" by the Dept. of Northern Affairs, there is much activity here just now and a good deal of coming and going. As a consequence, the place is somewhat crowded and I am lucky to have found temporary accommodation in a building owned by the Foundation Company of Canada.

As on previous visits, I am suffering much from the heat. The outside temperature cannot be much above zero, but inside it appears to be about 80°F and I am writing this in my shirtsleeves. Even so, I am too warm. The only oasis of coolness occurs when a trap door in the floor is lifted and then a bitterly cold breeze of air, straight from the great open spaces of "Canada's Last Frontier," whistles into the building. The difference in temperature must be at least 100°F, and if this state of affairs is normal I cannot understand why all the Foundation employees are not incapacitated by a well-known ailment.

I went down to the townsite this evening and saw a film in the new school-house. It was a "Western" which was much appreciated by a large Eskimo audience. Rather more shooting took place in this film than during the last World War, and when the actors were not shooting they were hitting one another on the jaw with loud reports but little effect. Some mild Western-type smooching took place on the side. The Western was preceded by 13 rounds of the Marciano-Walcott fight. If the Eskimos regard these films as representative of our normal way of life on the "Outside," which seems quite possible, then I can easily understand why they prefer to remain in the Arctic.

Ever since last year I have been puzzled by a statement made by Utuki ("the man with homemade false teeth") of Cape Dorset that his hand-hewn walrus-ivory "uppers" soften when he drinks hot tea. Bob Griffiths, the Hudson's Bay Coy. post manager, told me today that Eskimos often boil ivory on which they are working and it is then possible to shave off the surface quite easily.

4 Apr 56

Walked down to the H B C this afternoon. The weather is absolutely magnificent. The temperature is well below freezing, almost zero I should think, but the sun is hot and there is no wind. The kind of thing people pay $25.00 a day for in Sun Valley or Switzerland. The Griffiths gave me a meal and afterwards I visited the townsite again. Mr. Van Sickel from the Dept. of Education was present. He is running experimental classes for the Eskimos in what he calls basic English and says they are doing well.

He is taking the adults as well as the children but could not persuade the men and women to attend at the same time. The men were not taking any chances on being put to shame by their wives.

6 Apr 56

The CO of the RCAF base has very kindly found me accommodation in the officers' quarters. This morning he and his opposite number, the American CO, ganged up on me, obviously by prearrangement, and suggested that the Rangers should provide a Guard of Honour for U.S. Secretary of Defence Wilson, Hon. Ralph Campney, Minister of National Defence; Hon. C. D. Howe, and other VIPs who are due to arrive tomorrow. I am in favour of the Guard and think it would be very good for the Rangers but I would have liked more time for preparation.

With the help of Doug Wilkinson, Bob Griffiths and Sgt. Sageakdok, 14 Rangers were assembled in the townsite garage tonight, and with Sgt. Simonee acting as interpreter I explained the situation to them in such terms as I thought they would understand, then "sized" them and taught them to stand-at-ease and come to attention. I attempted no more than this and they caught on quickly in spite of the language difficulty. I have great hopes for them. It is to be a purely Eskimo show with Sageakdok as Guard Commander and Simonee as Sgt. I shall not appear at all but Bob Griffiths will stand by to provide any explanations that are needed.

The author is a captain in the Canadian Ranger Corps, which is made up of white and native civilians in the outlying areas.

*"One keeps going out to see if someone is coming."

The Eskimo guard of honour being inspected by Hon. Ralph Campney and Mr. Charles Wilson, U.S. Secretary of Defence. Sgt. Sageakdok is on the left. Mr. Wilson is just visible between Sageakdok and Mr. Campney.

Canadian Govt.

7 Apr 56

Two plane-loads of VIPs arrived at 1145 this morning. There was some doubt as to whether they would arrive at all because of the weather, and when they did, they came in an unexpected order, the first plane bringing Hon. Ralph Campney and Hon. C. D. Howe, Canada's Minister of Trade and Commerce, instead of Mr. Wilson.

By this time, I had fastened the Guard in position and disappeared into the hangar behind them from where I would watch proceedings, more or less, through a crack in the door. When Mr. Howe alighted he incautiously approached within range of Sageakdok who at once called the Guard to attention as he had been told to do. The Reception Committee, after making some unsuccessful efforts to get him to reverse his decision, decided to bow to the inevitable and Mr. Howe inspected the Guard with which he was obviously fascinated.

I was fascinated also. None of the men concerned had ever heard of a Guard of Honour or done any drill until last night. They were dressed in their best clothes and for the sake of uniformity wore the hoods of their parkas up. Normally, Eskimos tend to slouch, but I had told them that soldiers were important people and that they should hold their heads high and not move a muscle while they were being inspected. They did this and were amazingly steady. As long as they didn't move anyone would have thought they had had months of training.*

Sageakdok, I knew, was nervous. He does not speak much English and was having difficulty in remembering the half-understood words of command and even in pronouncing them. Neither he nor Simonee, who speaks English well, can say "Shun." The nearest they can get to it is "S'un" and they were a little self-conscious about this. Furthermore, Sageakdok had to learn how to salute approximately correctly instead of in the sloppy style he has hitherto affected. In addition, until the inspection got under way and he had Simonee's support, such responsibility as there was rested squarely on his shoulders, which was probably a novel and rather frightening experience.

I need not have worried about him. He behaved with all the aplomb of a veteran NCO, and I was both amused and amazed to see him stop and adjust one man's armband as he walked behind the inspecting party, looking each man over from head to foot as though he had been doing it for years!

I could not think where he had learnt to behave like this until it dawned on me that Eskimos are very observant and imitative, and that he was simply mimicking my own demonstration of the night before. It was an extraordinarily good performance and was only marred by the fact that he was, as I later learned, chewing bubble-gum throughout! He is an impressive-looking little man in a tough, compact sort of way and looked just right as Guard Commander.

Simonee, the section Sgt., is newly recruited and is very definitely an acquisition. I doubt if it would have been possible to mount a guard without his help. He is a young man, tall for an Eskimo, good-looking and very intelligent. He was one of the Eskimos who represented Baffin Island at the Coronation and he has the Coronation Medal, which he was wearing today.

He is at present employed by the Dept. of Northern Affairs at the new town site and is interpreter, carpenter and mechanic and will almost certainly be Mayor of Frobisher some day!

Mr. Howe had barely finished his inspection when Mr. Wilson disembarked and the whole thing began all over again. The Guard stood it nobly; in fact they were still standing rigidly at attention when I emerged from my hiding-place 15 minutes later and took the spell off them. They had not moved so much as an eyeball in half-an-hour.

I congratulated them heartily and meant every word of it. As far as I could judge, they were pleased with themselves. I understand that some of them met the Governor-General when he visited here recently, but this is the first time that a formal Guard of Honour has been mounted. ◆

*Eskimos get used to this sort of thing when they stand motionless for hours over a seal's breathing hole.—Ed.

SPOKANE HOUSE

by Louis R. Caywood

Excavations by the author at this old post in Washington State revealed the sites of three different forts.

Photos by courtesy of Eastern Washington State Historical Society.

THE establishment of Spokane House was one of the results of the findings of Capt. James Cook. On his third voyage to China in 1776 he discovered that the Orient held the potentialities of a great fur market. As this information spread through America two great fur companies began enterprises to capture the lucrative trade. The first to reach the site of Spokane House was the North West Company of Montreal, which in 1810 erected a few buildings there. David Thompson and two other Nor'westers, Jaco Finlay and Finan McDonald, had established Kullyspell House on Lake Pend Oreille in 1809. Thompson went east that year to be gone for twelve months, and while he was away McDonald decided to abandon Kullyspell House and build another post at the junction of the Little Spokane and Spokane Rivers. Here in 1810 Spokane House, the first permanent white settlement in the present State of Washington, was established.

Situated as it was, on land within the junction of two rivers, at an important Indian trading and meeting ground, it was in an ideal location. Finan McDonald probably had another reason for moving from Kullyspell House because it appears that the new area was well known to him as early as 1807. At that time he and Pierre Legace took up residence with an Indian chief near the site of Spokane and each married a daughter of the chief. Indian accounts of the first settlement of white people in the Spokane country record that they were "Frenchmen" with long hair who came and built near the Little Spokane River. It is plausible that the Spokanes thought Finan McDonald was French as he probably had let his hair grow long also.

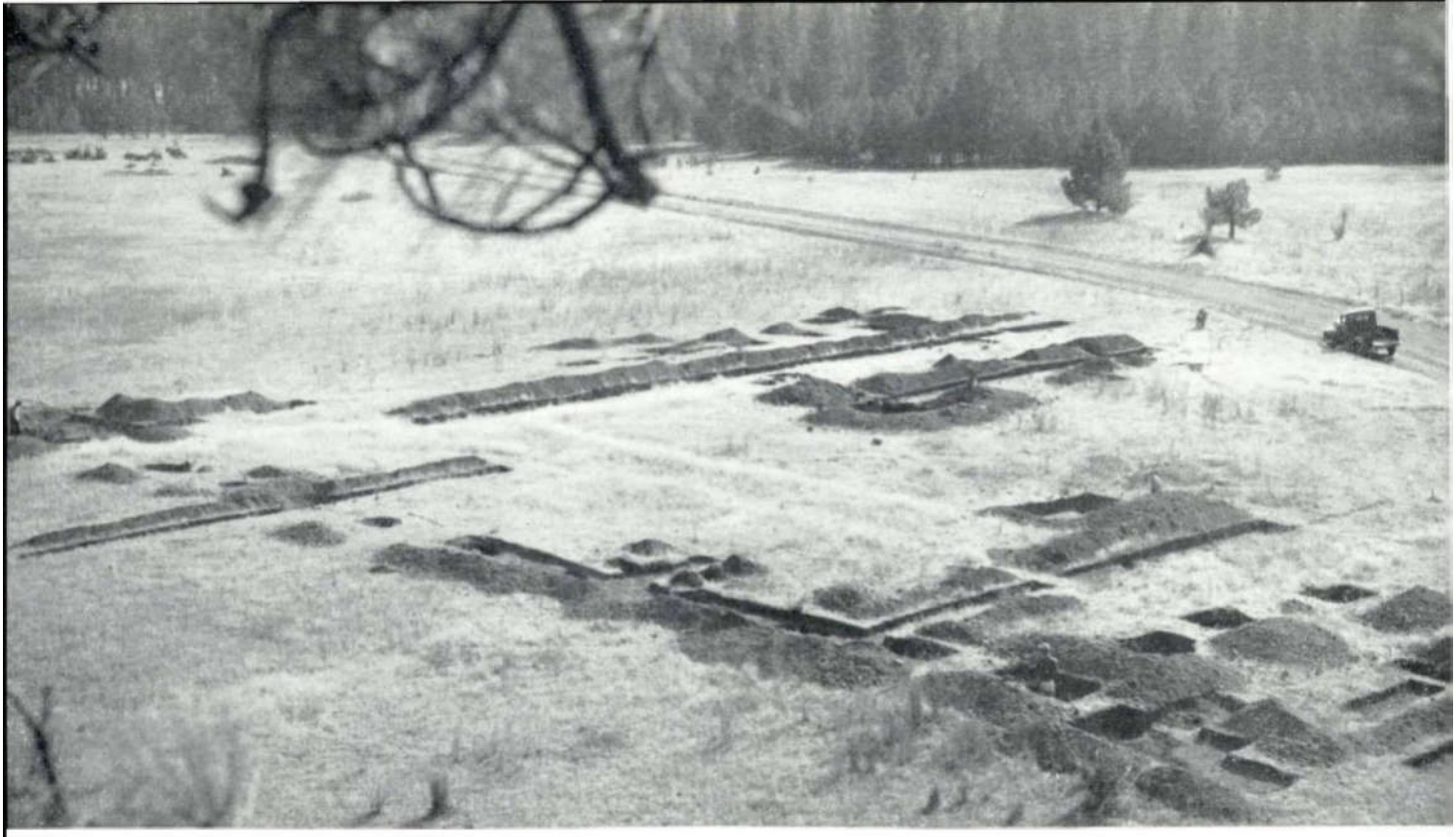
An American firm, the Pacific Fur Company, formed by John Jacob Astor, established a competing post adjacent to Spokane House in 1812. The Indian accounts say that these were short-haired men who came and built a trading post towards the Spokane River. However, they were not to remain here long because news of the War of 1812 soon reached this remote spot. When the American company learned that a British warship was in the north Pacific and likely to take over Astoria, their main post at the mouth of the Columbia River, they realized their position was untenable. They decided to accept an offer made by the North West Company representatives to buy their furs and other properties. This meant that the North West Company acquired Fort Spokane, as the American Company had called it. They moved shortly after 1813 into these buildings, but called the post by the old name.

In 1821 the struggle between the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company ended in coalition. Again the business of the outside world changed the conduct of affairs at Spokane House when the North West Company post began to operate under the ownership of the Hudson's Bay Company. Recently the carefully kept journals of Finan McDonald and James Birnie from April 1822 to April 1823 were produced by the Company archives in London for research purposes. They brought out details showing that under the supervision of these two men, stockade walls were rebuilt, new buildings were erected and old structures were removed.

In 1825, after Governor Simpson had visited the post and surveyed the situation, he decided that the post should be abandoned and chose a new site at Kettle Falls on the Columbia River. The reason for the change was that Spokane House was no longer on a main artery of river transportation, but 60 miles up the barely navigable Spokane River. Governor Simpson named the new site Fort Colvile in honour of Andrew Colvile, then director and later a governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. The new fort was built on lines marked out by the governor, and the move took place in the spring of 1826. The last pack train left the old fort on April 7.

When the post was moved to Kettle Falls, Jaco Finlay continued to live at Spokane House with his native wife and children. It is reported that he died there in 1828 and that his remains were placed beneath one of the bastions.

Dr. Caywood has worked on the excavations of four separate fur trade forts in the United States—Vancouver ("The Beaver," March 1948), Walla Walla, Spokane House and Okanogan. He is now superintendent of Ocmulgee National Monument, Georgia.



Excavations at Spokane House in 1951. The man on the extreme left marks the grave found at one corner of the stockade.

After its abandonment, Spokane House gradually disappeared. The exact nature of its final destruction is not known, but as the remains of some of the stockade posts appear to have been burned to the ground level, it is believed that fire was responsible for part of its disappearance.

In 1836 Samuel Parker passed the site of the trading post and reported that a bastion was still standing. He was told that it had been left out of respect for the dead, as a clerk of the company was buried there.

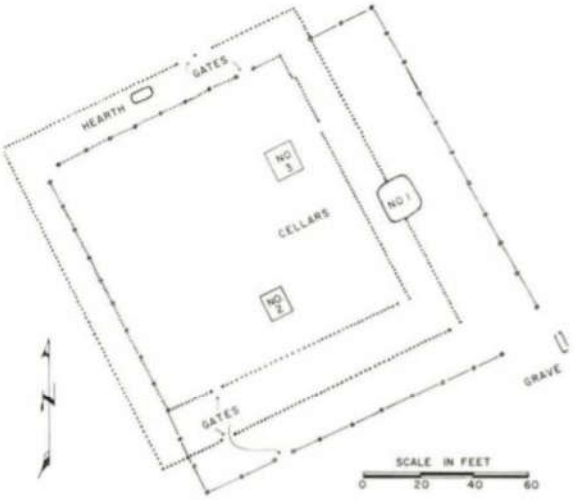
In 1843, according to the notes of the German naturalist, Charles A. Geyer, nothing remained at the site except a little elevation where the chimney once stood. This probably refers to the area where the hearth remains were uncovered. So passed from notice the remains of a most important early fur trading post. Knowledge of the site and its location continued through the years in the memories of the pioneers and the natives. In fact, the cellar depressions were still in evidence in 1950 when the author first visited there.

Because of its historical importance, the land on which the old post had been located was purchased by local individuals and donated to the State Parks and Recreation Commission in 1939 with the stipulation that it be used for state park and historical purposes. Through the efforts of many Spokane citizens the site was safeguarded over the years with the hope that it would eventually be scientifically excavated. Their efforts culminated in success in 1950 when funds were made available by the Commission.

Archaeological work was carried on by the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, the University of Washington helping to carry out the details of the work. The author was employed as archaeologist-in-charge of the entire program, comprising four summers' work. Excavations in 1950, '51, '52 and '53 revealed the locations of at least two and possibly three fur trade posts. The Eastern Washington State Historical Society in Spokane was active in sponsoring the project, and their museum was the headquarters for the archaeological work. All the artifacts from the site are stored in that museum.

During the summer of 1950 the actual remains of the stockades of two forts were found. Next year another stockade wall was discovered. These were undoubtedly those of the Pacific Fur Company, the North West Company (before 1813), and the Hudson's Bay Company. The relationship of these three sets of walls was never clearly defined, but during the 1951 excavations a skeleton was discovered outside the south-east corner of the last-found fort, which is presumed to have been Jaco Finlay's. Judging from the manner of burial it was evidently someone of importance. The body had been placed in a casket of pine boards, and included with the remains were buttons from a coat, a pair of spectacles, five smoking pipes, a hunting knife, and a tin cup. This discovery indicated that here was located the bastion of the Hudson's Bay Company fort.

The outer or larger of the stockade forts uncovered in 1950 measured 134 by 123 feet, while the inner stockade



Plan showing the location of the three forts. The one at lower right was probably the H B C fort, the others being those of the Pacific Fur Co., and the North West Co., one inside the other.

was considerably smaller with spaces from 11 to 18 feet between the walls. The third fort discovered in 1951 measured 139 by 142 feet. This latter fort is marked on the map with dashes between the large posts on the parts which were rebuilt during the Hudson's Bay Company occupation.

Construction of the stockade walls shows two different methods. One consisted of logs, either whole or split, set upright side by side in trenches. Every ten feet there was a post of larger diameter set deeper into the ground. Two enclosures of this type of construction were found, one within the other. The larger or outside enclosure had a gate in the centre of the north wall facing the Spokane River. A second method of construction consisted of sinking large posts ten feet apart and six feet into the ground. No evidence was found of the type of construction of the intervening sections of wall between these large posts. However, it could have consisted of upright posts fastened to horizontal beams. Another possible method of construction and one known to have been used by personnel of the Hudson's Bay Company, was to have grooved the large upright posts on either side and to have inserted hewn planks into these grooves. Such a method of construction was found in the walls of cellar No. 2. In either case no evidence would have been found on the ground between the upright posts.

Tin mug three inches in diameter, found on the site of the fort.

Three cellars were excavated within the areas of the forts revealing a great quantity of trade goods—such items as coloured glass beads, brass finger rings, files, needles, pins, brass sheet and wire, brass hawk's bells, Jew's harps, metal buttons, lead musket balls, lead shot and musket flints. Nails, spikes, bolts and broken pieces of building hardware were also found, indicating that houses had been constructed over the cellars. Remains of wooden floors and fallen walls in the cellars, and the lack of burned materials, except for thin layers of ashes, all indicate that the buildings were not burned. If they were, it was many years after abandonment, leaving time for the cellars to have partially filled with earth. The buildings were probably lived in by local Indians, possibly relatives of Jaco Finlay. They were finally torn down.

In addition to the remains of the forts there were probably other structures originally in use around the area. Unless there had been visible evidence of these, they would not have been found during excavations except by accident. A depression on the bank of the Spokane River was at first thought to be the remains of an Indian dwelling, possibly a mat lodge. Hundreds of small broken arrow points found on the surface and a large fireplace depression added to this supposition. Excavation revealed, however, the remains of a plank-lined saw pit eight feet deep, six feet wide and eighteen feet long. Sawdust, wood chips and birch bark verified that the pit had been made when whipsaws were in use for sawing planks and timbers. Over this pit had been constructed a shed in which boats were made. A platform, resting on upright timbers, the remains of which were found, would have measured at least seventeen feet wide by forty feet long. It was here that three boats were constructed during the winter of 1825-26, as mentioned in the journal of John Work. These boats carried furs down the Spokane River to the Forks, as the confluence of the Columbia and the Spokane was called. Constructed of cedar planks, they were called York boats and were forty feet long. When they were launched in April 1826, one of them struck a rock and narrowly missed destruction, while the other two made the run successfully.

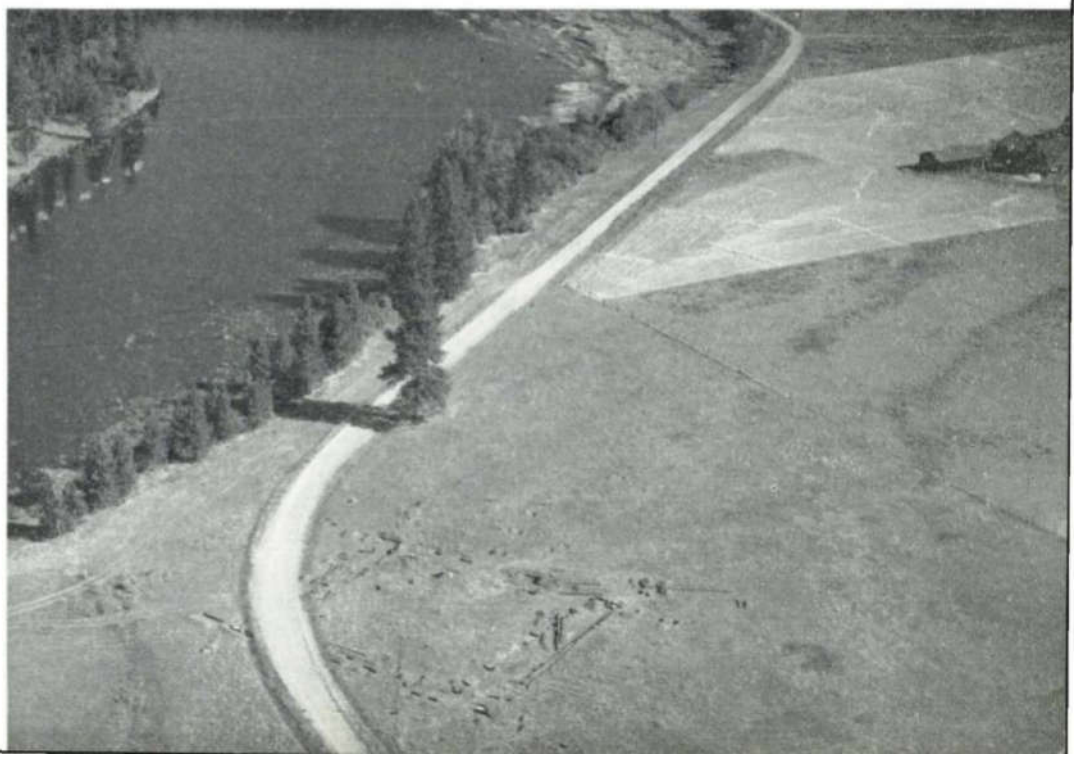
It was part of Governor Simpson's economy program that boats were to be used for the transportation of supplies and furs over the waterways of the Inland Empire. This would eliminate the time spent, and extra supplies used, in gathering the large herds of horses heretofore required for transportation. The horse trade always led to quarrels with the natives regarding horse thieving. From the number of horse bones found, horse meat must have been part of the diet of those living at Spokane House. Many a good horse probably appeared on the dinner table when hunting was bad and meat supplies were low.

Governor George Simpson wrote John Work in 1825 to determine the navigability of the Flat Heads River (Pend Oreille). The Kootenay River was already known to be navigable. If water transportation were feasible, even though there were long portages, the Company could then be independent of the natives in regard to horses, and at a great saving. Unfortunately, Simpson's plans were not always practicable. After the building of the three York boats at Spokane House the project was never resumed because of the abandonment of the post. Whether boat building was ever done at Fort Colvile is not known.

In addition to revealing the building remains of the trading posts, the excavations brought to light a great number of articles used in the everyday life of the traders and their dependents and in connection with the business itself. During one phase of the excavations a number of Indian burials, and the articles buried with them, were found. Here were uncovered the most prized possessions of the dead—fur and deerskin clothing, muskets, coloured glass trade beads, bows and arrows, copper kettles and ornaments made of brass. Of particular interest were three North West trade muskets and two short decorated wooden bows found in one burial. The brass counter lock plates on the guns, made in the form of Chinese dragons, were the trade mark of the most desired trade article of the Indian hunter. The finding of three such muskets and two bows in one grave indicate that the individual must have been someone of importance and also a great hunter. The fact that the barrels of the muskets were short and the bows were also short (only 19 and 26 inches in length) would indicate that he hunted on horseback. Both bows were wrapped with brass wire at the grips and ends, and both were decorated with a thick coating of red paint overlaid with a white design.

Since the area where the forts had been built was a favourite camping, meeting and trading ground for the natives for centuries before the coming of white men, other objects of Indian manufacture were recovered. These consisted mainly of worked stone, but a few bone and shell objects also were found. Stone objects included projectile points, scrapers, knives, one drill, one pestle, mauls, and net sinkers.

The excavations at Spokane House, like similar work done at Fort Vancouver, Fort Okanogan and Fort Walla Walla, clarify the picture of life in the western part of North America during the fur trade period. Archaeological work, coupled with historical research, verifies the written record and often adds new information on many unknown details of early settlement. Many other old forts lie buried and almost forgotten. Now is the time for their locations to be preserved by museums and historical societies against the ever increasing impact of population growth, new road construction, new dams and other forms of great earth moving projects. Fort Colvile and Fort Victoria have been destroyed because no action was taken to preserve their remains. Fort Langley and Fort Hall will be scientifically studied if funds become available, but there are many others that should be investigated before it is too late. In some cases there are several locations of the same fort resulting from abandonment and reoccupation, burning, and the whims of the early traders. These sites, when known, should be acquired for protection in the interests of preserving our past for the enjoyment of other generations as well as our own. ◆



The first year's excavations are seen at the bend in the road. On the left is the Spokane River.

NORTHERN SINECURE

by I. M. Gardner

Irvine Gardner served the Hudson's Bay Company in the Arctic for ten years. He is now stationed at Fort Wrigley on the Mackenzie.

Far from the turmoil of civilization, the arctic fur trader can relax and enjoy life—maybe.

"WHAT kind of a job is it, anyway?" asked the young man. I had come south on furlough after another three years at an arctic post, and was answering the usual questions. But unlike most questioners, who simply ask out of politeness to a stranger from far places, and then change the subject to something closer to home, this man seemed really interested.

"How do you keep busy?" he went on. "There can't be much to do, is there—being stuck up north all year round, with no one but a few Eskimos coming in every now and then?"

Not much to do? Well, I suppose that *is* the general impression. But how was I to describe the life up there in the few words usually allowed before the next question?

And I began to think back—back to last July. . . .

. . . The annual supply ship was arriving. Only once a year did we have to bother with this detail. No sitting down every day or week and ordering or costing or seeking invoices or shipments gone astray. Arctic freighting is the awesome blast of a ship's horn, the roar and rattle as the anchor lets go, the bellow of the mate ordering boats away. And it usually takes place about four o'clock in the morning to a rising wind and rain or snow clouds piling up on the horizon. From then on, boats large and small ply back and forth from ship to shore and return. Cargo is dumped on the beach in an ever increasing pile. Ton upon ton of it—till the tide drops, in some places thirty feet or more. Twelve hours till the next tide. While we "rest" the District Manager must make his inspection. Other officials too would like to go over matters concerning their stations. The Northern Administration representative, the police inspector, the doctor, the dentist, and sundry personnel engaged in scientific research. The bishop would like to make arrangements to hold a service for the natives.

Now the tide is rising and back go the boats for more loads. If the weather holds, to anything short of a gale, unloading goes on day and night till finished. Now the shore-checker and the ship's purser find that the respective check sheets do not agree. "Captain, will you hold the vessel till a re-check is made?" "Will I *what*? Here, sign your copies of the manifest and make your claims out later—good bye and see you next year."

Then suddenly you and your clerk are alone. Civilization is a thin wisp of ship's smoke far out on the ocean. The beach you had so carefully cleaned is littered with debris, piled high with cases and bales and sacks of coal. Sitting on it, sprawled on it are the Eskimos, utterly relaxed as only Eskimos can be, smoking and waiting for the order. It soon comes. An hour's delay might mean rain and a year's supply of some commodity will be ruined. Perishables are usually put under cover as they come off the boats, but this is not always possible. Now as it is all stored away it is re-checked and divided into sections and directed to buildings where it will be used. Finally it is under cover, shortages noted, the Eskimo stevedores paid off. That looks like it for the season—time now for the annual spree and the start of another year's "rest."

Some spree this is going to be too. Look, we have an extra case of the stuff here. Doesn't belong to us either, it's marked for Bill at W—. Poor devil, they've put off his personal order here! Going to be a dry year for him. Oh well, it happens that way sometimes, but it's time for the radio sked, anyway. Have to start keeping three a day now that the ship is clear once more. A medical for J— at M— Post. You want me to relay, he can't read you? Must be his batteries. He's only got a windcharger and

Drawings by James Houston

"You make like a doctor, even to getting up in the wee hours of the morning."

it's been calm his way lately. O.K., shoot. Two hundred word check? QRX, QRX, QRM here—O.K. try it again: QRX, QRX, rpt-rpt-rpt. Three hours to handle that one. J— wants a sked at six in the morning in case his patient gets worse. Better get cracking at the the freight too, get it all entered and marked, etc. Take a week, but after that we should be able to take it easy.

Nothing more to do but wait till the foxes start rolling in. Better have the walrus hunts organized first though. Let me see, five Peterheads, each shipping a crew of six, and should be given enough stores for two weeks. The police say one white man has to go along. Better send the clerk, I guess; the experience will do him good. Now those who are not going on the hunt had best be encouraged to fish, and I had better go too, though I don't like the idea of camping out in this snow and hauling nets through those frozen lakes. . . .

That was quite a time, and we never got too many fish at that. Walrus hunters are not back yet, I see. Been gone fifteen days and been blowing a gale almost every day. Shore ice was making this morning, too. Better give out more rations to the families tomorrow.

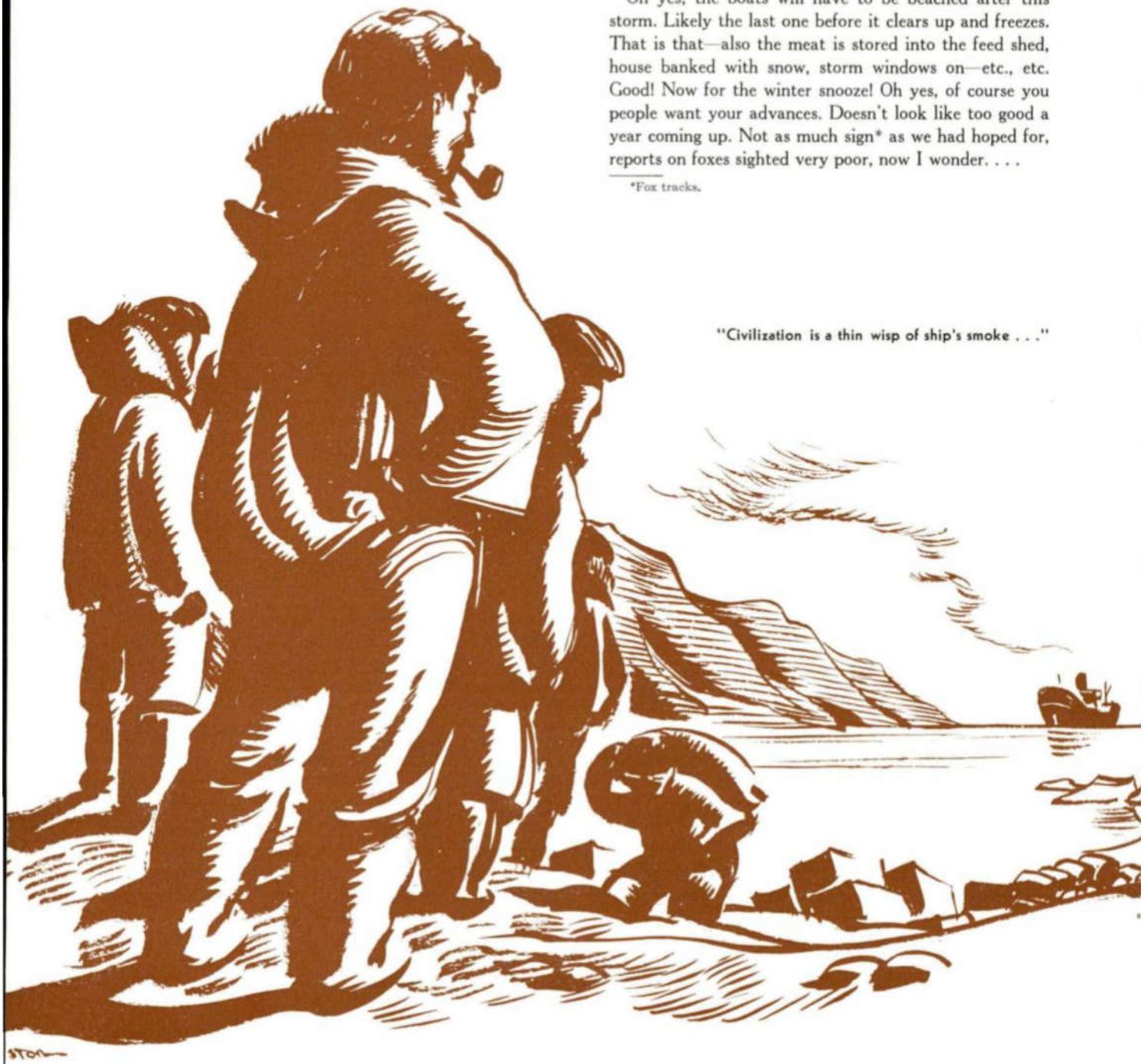
What the heck? Six o'clock in the morning and somebody at the door! Hope nobody's sick. What's that you say—a boat? The walrus hunters are back? Good!—or is it? Look at that sea rolling in—sure hate to be out there on those Peterheads. Yes there they are, four of them. This storm must have caught them after they left the Islands; they never would have started out in this kind of weather. Wonder where the fifth boat is? Ashore at last, lad—a rough trip, but you did manage to get a few? Good, though not as many as we had hoped for. But where is the *Meetik*? Her engine conked out and she's coming in under sail—she was away behind and nobody could get

back to help her. She has a full load too. We'd better have one of these boats unloaded right away and go out and try to get a line aboard her.

Well, we've been up all night and—hold it—that light off to port. It's them—O.K. boys, make a line fast and we'll tow them in—just in time too. Her sail is about gone. Maybe *now* I'll be able to settle down for the year's rest.

Oh yes, the boats will have to be beached after this storm. Likely the last one before it clears up and freezes. That is that—also the meat is stored into the feed shed, house banked with snow, storm windows on—etc., etc. Good! Now for the winter snooze! Oh yes, of course you people want your advances. Doesn't look like too good a year coming up. Not as much sign* as we had hoped for, reports on foxes sighted very poor, now I wonder. . . .

*Fox tracks.



"Civilization is a thin wisp of ship's smoke . . ."

Thank goodness that's over with. All outfitted and away to the traplines. The men anyway; be a week before they return and trading starts. Now for that rest. Well here's mud in your—hold it, somebody at the door. Oh it's you Angoteek—your baby is sick? Well bring him in—I'll say he's sick, looks like the 'flu to me. Give him this for tonight and I'll get a wire out to the doctor tomorrow. Too late tonight. You say your other boy is sick? Too sick to come? And Anna's girl? Why didn't she tell me if she has been sick for two days? Never mind the answer, I know. O.K. I'll come, and you tell Anna I'll be in to see her girl too. Just as I thought, more 'flu—and that means everybody in the camp will have it within a week. What's worse, those who have gone away will have it when they come back.

Three weeks of that, and it looks like it is over now. Three weeks of taking temperatures and crawling in and out of those cold tents. Only lost two, though the old lady was bound to go soon and the baby caught pneumonia on top of it and no wonder. But the milk and cereal the Government is making us hand out on F.A.† to the kids is sure doing them a world of good. And the snow will soon be in good enough condition so that they can build snowhouses and get out of these tents. All that extra radio work with the 'flu is finished and now I'll be able to devote all my time to fur trading. Sure been keeping the clerk busy out there in the store—all day and half the night too when that inland bunch came in the other evening. Forty below and standing all day in an unheated building handling those token coins is enough to make me wish for a southern posting even if they do make you work down there. Shouldn't grumble I guess as we are getting the fur. All inland and costing more to catch, but better than we had hoped for. Better get next year's requisitions out too. Will mean a few hundred words or more, and more radio skeds, but then we have all the time in the world. Let's see now—D.O.‡ is forecasting a low fox peak, but on the other hand we are already over in this year's—now, will it continue and if so how much to order for next season, or will it drop and then—?

So it goes, day in and day out. Then before you know it it is Christmas. A sad day, a lonely day for white people in the Arctic. But the natives enjoy it, and you give them a big feed and try to enjoy their company, but your thoughts are in another world and you are glad somehow that it lasts only one day. Three days or so before, you really enjoyed it when you remembered that the sun had ceased its southward track and from then on the days would slowly grow longer.

Into the New Year and already things don't look so good. Fur sign dropping off inland and none on the coast. Natives say the foxes are on the move southwards. No fur this trip eh, Innukjuak? Nor you Peteroosie? So you're going to try sealing for a while instead of trapping. And your children aren't getting enough to eat? O.K., we'll increase the cereal and milk ration, can't have the kids hungry. Here comes old Enowalik. Wants a hand-out. Never was much of a trapper and has a record as being a bit of a smooth character. Could be trying to pull a fast one or could be starving like he says. Now, what was it the Government representative said about issuing rations this year? Here comes Jamassie too. Same thing I guess—well when a good man like him says he's hungry it looks like time for action—have to notify the police that we are on an emergency basis now.

Now the natives start bothering you every day for hand-outs. You try to encourage them to stay out sealing, but you know that sealing is poor at this time of year. You try to encourage fishing but you know that the lake ice is over six feet and more thick and that whatever is caught won't go far. You look at the bare, grim country and you shudder. It is devoid of all life. You can travel hundreds of miles in any direction and see not even the single track of any wild animal or bird, much less game itself. Far away in a place called Ottawa a number of men have made regulations about issuing rations to Eskimos. The Company have added their voice. They are far away, but the Eskimos are here. Between the three parties must be found the fine line that is to be followed. To issue rations where necessary but not to overdo it so as to kill initiative—and yet to keep these people from starvation. How much should every man, woman and child consume daily to be able to survive in this bleak land? Who are you to judge? But somehow the thing is accomplished, and it is with a sigh of relief when once more the hunters begin to bring home those beautiful, smelly little seals. By now of course all the walrus meat is gone and dog feeding becomes a problem. Fifty Eskimos owning ten dogs each and each dog as big and as ravenous as a wolf; even hungrier, for a wolf doesn't have to work like a horse in forty below weather. If you think *that* isn't a feed problem!

The natives know it is and as the days lengthen out they venture further afield on the ice floe. Now it has happened. The ice has broken away and several hunters have drifted out to sea on it. Nine times out of ten they return safely, but word must be flashed to the police, the ever helpful R.C.A.F. Search and Rescue planes take up the search. Again there is no work—just stand by on the radio and give what aid is possible to the pilots by sending weather, etc. One fine day the natives walk in—fat and healthy from living well, away out amongst the drift ice where seals, bears and white whale abound. (But not

†Family Allowance.
‡District Office.

always; sometimes they never come back.) The planes return home and though they couldn't land it gave you a nice sort of glow just to see them. During the winter too you might have seen two other white men. Usually a mountie comes through on patrol or a missionary who took the Word literally and has almost made it to the ends of the world.

By spring you are as tired of looking at your clerk as he is of looking at you. So you send him off with the hunters on a seal hunt or you go yourself with them on a caribou hunt. It is not for that rest—there is little rest on such a trip. A caribou hunt is a costly affair and you want results and you know that if there is a white man along, the natives will try harder and travel farther. You are a trader but you have to be more than that in order to get as much as possible out of the country and make it produce so that you can have customers. So you go inland for a trip lasting probably two weeks. You return frostbitten and windburnt, and you have looked into the dawn of time, but the trip has done you good.

Feel how warm that sun is getting. Snow is beginning to melt too. Time to plan the spring work—but why do that; shiptime is far away and now is really the time for that rest. But the Arctic is unpredictable. It turns stormy and cold and for three weeks remains so. Hunters can't get out and we are back to hand-outs again. Then there is always the medical end—a never-ending thankless daily grind that keeps you going steadily at times. You make like a doctor even to getting up in the wee hours of the morning. You even come in for a fair share of teeth-pulling.

That last stormy period looks like the last bit of winter, for now it turns warm again. Snow begins to go fast and then one day there they are—the geese are back! Spring is officially here. Ah, at last we can relax. Oh—buildings to be painted? Better do it now. Leave them, and if we have a wet summer they'll never get done. Grounds to clean, boats to paint and overhaul, fur to pack, inventory to take. Hear the natives yelling? No wonder—the sea ice is moving out on the tide. In with the boats—run out the whale nets, the seal nets, the fish nets. Make a good catch of char and we'll put up enough for next winter—canned, that is, for mess.

Everything caught up with at last. Into summer now and the post ready for inspection. At last there is still time for the big rest—now to sit back and do nothing like an Arctic trader is supposed to do—must keep up the old tradition. A drink—well that would be nice, but seems we emptied the bottle when the police were through some five months back. Just going to relax . . . now what are the natives yelling about—listen, did you hear that—sounded like a ship's siren—good Lord, it is! She's away ahead of schedule! Couldn't get into X— Post because of drift ice, I guess, so came here instead. Look alive boys! Gas up those boats! Two hundred ton to come off and the skipper will be in a rush as usual. I hope . . . .

I thought of all these things and of many more as the young man waited patiently for an answer to "what kind of a job is it up there anyway?" Then I knew the answer:

"It isn't a job."

The young man looked very puzzled, "Not a job?" he asked.

I left him every bit as puzzled: "No, not a job. You see, it's a way of life." ◆

"Sitting or sprawled on it are the Eskimos, utterly relaxed as only Eskimos can be."

Old Chicoutimy

From time to time, old fur trade post journals appear which have been kept in private possession for many years. The most recent that has come to our notice is that of Chicoutimi on the Saguenay, during the period between July 26, 1800 and November 4, 1805 (with gaps from July 1803 to August 1804, and from October 1804 to July 1805). The journal was kept by a young Scot, Neil McLaren, and it was kindly sent to the Hudson's Bay Company by his great-grandson, J. H. McLaren of Port au Persil.

Chicoutimi at that time was one of the King's Posts, which, following the practice of the French regime, were owned by the government and farmed out to the highest bidder. We have no record of who operated them in 1800-1, but we know that in 1802 they were taken over on a twenty-year lease by the North West Company. So in this yellowed journal we read that on July 7, 1802, "three Canoes arrd. from Quebec having Messrs. Stuart, Savageaux Fraser Sinclair & Sergeant." Two of these may be identified as David Stuart who became a partner in Astor's American Fur Co.; and Alex Fraser who later bought the seigniory of Rivière-du-Loup-en-Bas.

Two days after they arrived they started to take inventory, and on the 13th "the Gents. went off for Lake St. Johns." On the 18th "the agents for the [King's] Domain arrd. from Lake St. Johns by the Discharge." They "signed the Inventory &ca" and a feast was given for "the old and new Leassees Very Great Stirr in the Post of Chicoutimy." Next day "the agents for the Domain has sett off this morning, Vessel [the *Juno*] & all, we Begin to get Clear of all our trouble the Savages still Drunk & something troublesome."

Christmas Day at Chicoutimi went almost unobserved, but New Year's Day, after the Scottish and French custom, was celebrated with vigorous gaiety:

"Thurs. 1st January 1801 this day all hands up betimes for the Beginning of the new year & new Century Noise & Nonsense all day as may be immagined on such occasion the weather fine nothing Accidental or Hurtfull happened." No festivities are recorded a year later, but the handwriting tells the story, and on January 3rd the journalist admits, "I am Indisposed from Yesterday's frolick."

The old custom of bussing the post manager on New Year's Day was also observed, much to McLaren's disgust. On the first day of 1803 he writes: "I underwent the usual slobbing of male & female Black & white young and Old the day Continued Peacable till towards Evening when the Battles began & there was no small tearing of hair."

These entries, of course, are the more interesting ones. But most of the others show how dull and unexciting was the life of an isolated post manager in the Saguenay Valley, a century and a half ago.

Granny

On the cover of the last *Beaver* we carried a portrait of Granny Seymour, and on the contents page we stated that she was the twice-widowed wife of H B C post managers. One of her grand-daughters, Margaret Hubbard of South Fort George, B.C., has written in to point out that while Mrs. Seymour's father, James Bouchy, was a Company post manager (who married an Indian chief's daughter), both her husbands were guides in the Service.

Fifty Years Ago

Three hundred and eighty years ago, Martin Frobisher made the first attempt to discover the Northwest Passage to the East. Many other Englishmen carried on that search during succeeding centuries; but not until 50 years ago did any one ship complete the voyage right through from Atlantic to Pacific. This was the 74-ton *Gjoa*, commanded by the now-celebrated Norwegian explorer, Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole.

He had started from Norway in June 1903, spent two winters on King William Island, and in the summer of 1905 had completed the actual Northwest Passage by sailing between Victoria Island and the Canadian mainland into what is now Amundsen Gulf. To his great disappointment he was stopped by ice off King Point, on the Yukon coast, and had to spend another winter in the Arctic. Finally in August 1906 the *Gjoa* reached Nome, Alaska.

"Suddenly" wrote Amundsen, "a steam launch appeared in front of us, and we heard whistling, shouting and cheering—the American's mode of expressing enthusiasm. . . . The reception they gave us at Nome defies my powers of description. The heartiness with which we were welcomed, the unbounded enthusiasm of which the *Gjoa* was the object, will always remain one of my brightest memories of our return."

Cover Picture

Two years ago the cover of the winter *Beaver* showed a painting of an Indian chief by Alfred Jacob Miller. This issue carries another cover picture by the same artist, who made the sketches for it when he was travelling with Sir William Drummond Stewart. The finished painting was not done until thirty years later, at which time Miller wrote the following notes on it:

"The scene represented in the sketch is a Crow Indian riding to the point of a bluff to examine the prairie, and he forms an extremely picturesque subject, full of wild grace and beauty.

"From these elevations their eyes sweep the horizon, and from long practice they discern an object much sooner than an inexperienced person could do; they observe in which direction game is to be had, the approach of an enemy, or of a caravan of 'pale faces,' and make their preparations accordingly.

"At all times they are ready to give battle to the different tribes of Indians, but they generally try to conciliate the whites, experience having taught them that they usually come off second best in such encounters; besides, they always receive presents when they exhibit a friendly disposition and as they appreciate kindness, the inexpensive favours they receive produce the best results."

The original water colour from which this reproduction was made is now in the group of forty western scenes by Miller owned since 1946 by the Public Archives of Canada. The collection was commissioned by Alexander Brown of Liverpool, and came to the Archives through the kindness of one of his descendants, Mrs. J. B. Jardine.

Museums Celebration

This year, as one way of marking its tenth anniversary, UNESCO sponsored an International Campaign for Museums, which was observed in many ways by museums of art, science, history, natural history and industry, around the world, and culminated in International Museums Week, October 7 to 13. The purpose of the campaign was to call attention to the progress made during this century by museums of all kinds, and to the innumerable services they now offer to the public. Some of the progress made by history museums is discussed in this issue of the *Beaver*.

UNESCO also publishes a handsome illustrated quarterly, *Museum*, in French and English, which shows what museums all over the world are doing. Issue No. 3 for this year carries an article on the H B C Historical Exhibition at Winnipeg, where, in August, a record monthly number of signatures was chalked up of nearly 8,200 visitors, a third of whom came from the United States.

Northern Books

Striking evidence of the growing public interest in the Canadian North is to be found in the number of books that this Magazine of the North receives for review. Each year they total about three times what they did ten years ago. Besides the volumes reviewed in this issue, about twice as many again are waiting their turn, and all of them are non-fiction (we hope) having to do with the field covered by the *Beaver*. That is why our reviews have become shorter and more selective.

NORTHERN BOOKS

SPRING ON AN ARCTIC ISLAND, by Katharine Scherman. Little, Brown & Co., Toronto and Boston, 1956. 323 pages. $5.50.

Reviewed by E. W. Manning

IN June, 1954, Katharine Scherman and her husband, accompanied by five scientists and the wife of one of them, left the United States by air on an expedition to Bylot Island planned by them and by Mr. Rosario Mazzeo. This expedition was sponsored by the New York Zoological Society and the Arctic Institute of North America. They flew to Pond Inlet, where they landed on the ice, and from there, accompanied by an Eskimo, Idlouk, they went by dog team to their base camp on Bylot Island. Idlouk then picked up his family and returned with them in two days time. During their stay of six weeks various members of the party travelled by dog team and on foot along the south coast of Bylot Island, penetrated a few miles into the interior of the island, and made visits to Pond Inlet.

Miss Scherman (her pen name) has written a pleasant, readable, enthusiastic, and, in places, excellent account of her stay in the North. Her own observations are faithfully recorded, but she has apparently not checked carefully for accuracy other information which she has used, and some of her authoritative statements ought to be qualified or corrected. The use of Eskimo words and phrases, especially when the accepted spelling is unknown, serves no useful purpose and is simply a stumbling-block to smooth reading.

Because of her admittedly brief acquaintance with a very small, unusually isolated, far northern, eastern Arctic area, and her limited information from meagre sources, Miss Scherman would have done better to avoid digressions from her narrative account and discussions of problems related to the Eskimos and to the Arctic. Her hazardous journey from Pond Inlet to the base camp at the time of break-up makes splendid copy, but would have been unnecessary if the party had been experienced; however, as Stefansson so aptly remarks, it is the inexperienced who have adventures.

In at least one respect Miss Scherman makes history: never before have I seen or heard the phrase, "strange, *delicious* smell of seal oil." The italics are mine.

The photographs are too few, not particularly well reproduced, and are not sufficiently illustrative of the text. If a new edition is brought out, the inset map of Baffin Island should be brought up to date.

Mrs. Manning, an experienced arctic traveller, is the author of "Igloo for the Night," and "A Summer on Hudson Bay."

TRAVELS AND TRADITIONS OF WATERFOWL, by H. Albert Hochbaum. Thomas Allen Ltd., Toronto, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1956. 301 pages. $5.50.

Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

WHEN a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found."

—Wisdom of Solomon

Thus, in the opening chapter of this book, we are reminded that avian travel, which puzzles and intrigues so many people today, baffled the ancients too. But in succeeding chapters much light is thrown on the problem through the latest findings of scientists, who have studied it at Delta and elsewhere.

The Delta Waterfowl Research Station on Lake Manitoba, of which Dr. Hochbaum is director, is something more than an outdoor laboratory. It is, at the season's height, a complex colony of biologists. The casual visitor finds himself caught up in a whirl of nets, dogs, cameras and jeeps, enlivened at unearthly hours by the dawn risings of budding Ph.D.s, or the breakfast banter of mud-spattered students.

The layman might well emerge with a confused impression of everyone doing something and nothing apparent being done. Such is not the case. If proof were needed that the biologist's life is something more than an absent-minded paddle around the marsh, that proof is before us now.

With care and clarity Dr. Hochbaum has sifted the work of other observers, coupling this with the enormous amount of personal study carried out by him in the Delta area. The result is the most comprehensive volume on waterfowl travel ever to be published. Of equal importance is the fact that it is sufficiently vivid and readable to hold the attention of the layman.

A few of the topics covered include "Patterns of Local Movement," "Homeward Migration," "Dimensions of Travel," and "Influence of Bad Weather." Considerable space is given to discussion of what are called "learned responses" as compared to what is usually called "instinct." As we read of established routes of travel, or reactions of flying birds to varying weather conditions, it becomes more and more apparent that vision and memory

Mr. Sutton is director of the Manitoba Museum.

play an important part in waterfowl travel—that many supposedly instinctive reactions may well be the result of actual learning. So thoroughly does this book cover its field, that with but slight changes in place names, it would apply equally well to any large marsh in the Northern Hemisphere.

Whether or not we like the term, America's waterfowl have become "big business." Their numbers are tallied, they are harvested annually. No longer can we say, "This book is for wildlife biologists" or, "This is for the ornithologist." With its orderly information, clean style, and illustrations showing the strong bond between the author and "his marsh," this volume may be owned to advantage by even the most casual naturalist or wildfowler.

THE TLINGIT INDIANS, by Aurel Krause, translated by Erna Gunther. University of Washington Press, Seattle, for the American Ethnological Society, 1956. 310 pages. $4.50.

Reviewed by Catharine McClellan

DR. Erna Gunther is Director of the Washington State Museum and Professor of Anthropology at the University of Washington, and she is an authority on the Indians of the Northwest Coast. That she has undertaken the considerable labour of translation and notation of *Die Tlinkit-Indianer* is a piece of good fortune not only for the specialist in the area, but also for the interested general reader. The book was first published in 1885 by the German geographer, Aurel Krause. It has long been out of print, and even library copies are scarce. But in spite of subsequent reports by travellers and professional ethnographers alike, it still stands as the best rounded study we have of the vigorous and proud Tlingit Indians of southeast Alaska. Now Dr. Gunther has ably translated this classic into English and has put it back into circulation. She has also written a concise preface evaluating Krause's work and has supplied a most helpful set of supplementary notes. Here she gives modern geographical and tribal equivalents for the terms used by Krause, and other pertinent information based on recent historical and ethnographic research.

The main body of the book is a systematic description of aboriginal Tlingit life, beginning with a historical survey for which Krause used many Russian sources, and running through such aspects as tribal organisation, village and house arrangements, hunting, fishing and so on. The next to last chapter deals with the effects of white contact on the Tlingit, while the concluding chapter describes the language. The line drawings of the original publication have been reproduced, and although a number of them have lost detail in the process, they are still a welcome addition to the text. It would have been helpful to have included Krause's map as well.

The contents reflect both scholarly library research and extensive first hand observations. Aurel and his brother Arthur were sent by the Geographical Society of Bremen on an arctic expedition which took them to both Siberia and Alaska. They spent the winter of 1881-1882 with the powerful Chilkat Tlingit of Lynn Canal. Later, while Aurel visited a number of other Tlingit tribes to the south, Arthur took several trips up the passes leading to the interior country of the Athapascan Indians. But his Chilkat guides would not take him beyond the summit into the area which they had long exploited as their private trading territory and into which they made annual trading trips. Indeed, readers of the December 1942 *Beaver* may remember that it was the Chilkat who carried letters between Capt. Dodd of the S.S. *Beaver*, anchored in Pyramid Harbour, and Robert Campbell of the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Selkirk, on the upper Yukon river. The Krauses themselves were the guests of the very chief Tschartritsch who help destroy Fort Selkirk in 1852. While in the chief's house, they saw preparations for the annual inland trip, since the Chilkats did not finally lose their lucrative monopoly of upper Yukon trade until the Gold Rush of '98.

Of course Krause does not stress trade more than any other phase of Tlingit culture, since, as noted above, his aim was a well rounded account of the Tlingit. These Indians are still important in southeast Alaska. Their culture has changed greatly since Krause's visit, but this description of their earlier life cannot but enrich our understanding of them as a people.

SKETCH PAD OUT-OF-DOORS, by Clarence Tillenius. Country Guide, Winnipeg, 1956. 98 pages. $1.00.

Reviewed by George Swinton

INDOORS and out, *Sketch Pad out-of-doors* is sheer delight. It is the kind of book with which it is impossible to find a fault, even if one were to try very hard, but nobody could or would want to. As the title implies, it is a sketch pad, but it is not only that. Mr. Tillenius, with his serene naturalist-humanist attitude, touches many subjects of daily life and art, often probing deeply (but never

Dr. McClellan is chairman of the department of anthropology at Barnard College, Columbia University. Her Ph.D. thesis dealt with the Tlingit inland trade.

Mr. Swinton is a professor at the University of Manitoba's School of Art.

obscurely), and it is difficult to decide which is more delightful: his advice, his autobiography, his sketches or his style.

Listen to this: ". . . never try to study or draw details such as fur texture, feather patterns or horseshoe nails on anything in motion. If it is motion you are after, look only for the things that express that motion—big sweeping curves; short, chopping movements; blurring of arms, legs or wings; dust stirred up behind; mane, hair or tail flying in the breeze. All of these things belong to motion—get them down in the fewest possible lines. . . ."

And for autobiography, could this be any livelier?—". . . leaning on the fence, I made several studies of the [buffalo] cow, who then turned her back. To gain her attention, I reached through the fence and flipped a pebble in her direction. I had barely time to leap back from the fence when she struck it with a crash that raised gooseflesh on my scalp. The fence bulged outward. By the second crash, I had retreated to a safer vantage point, whereupon the cow returned to her calf. In a situation like this, the artist thinks more of saving his skin, than of any artistic possibilities of the scene. But if it is a habit to draw at all times, your eye automatically takes in details. In this case, I made some small action sketches. . . ."

And besides all this, his practical advice for young artists (and perhaps for the more experienced too), is sound, and one wonders if it were not possible to make a book such as this, a part of required reading for all who aspire to draw or illustrate. It is to be recommended to all, especially to those who are interested in the outdoors and in illustration.

THE SINGING WILDERNESS, by Sigurd F. Olson, illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques, McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, and Knopf, N.Y., 1956. 245 pages. $4.00.

Reviewed by Clifford Wilson

THOUGH it is concerned primarily with the Laurentian Shield country along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary, the tales of personal adventure in this delightful book might have happened in almost any wooded part of the Shield, and many of them in other parts of the North American wilderness. They have been written by a master of wilderness living—a man who has spent most of his fifty-seven years in the Quetico-Superior country; who knows it thoroughly, not only through personal experience, but from post-graduate studies in geology and ecology; and who writes of it with authority and affection.

And he writes like a master. There is no consciously "fine" writing. His superb descriptive passages are woven of the simplest words—as simple as the life he writes about. He loves the loneliness of the wild, and most of the chapters concern adventures he enjoyed with no human companionship, or else with a sympathetic comrade. Tacitly he suggests that the wilderness can never be fully enjoyed in the presence of a crowd. Those whose feelings for the forests and streams are akin to his will be perfectly *en rapport* with him. Those who know them only superficially, through hunting or fishing trips, will learn more deeply about the country they visit.

It is a book to be read slowly, and reread in parts, again and again. You may take pleasure (as this reviewer did) in spending a long time over it, for it is the kind of book that you hesitate to finish, just as you dislike coming to the end of a delightful holiday in the woods. And you will probably want to savour each chapter, to "taste them slowly, one after one, like tasting a sweet food."

The author's wilderness philosophy is perhaps summed up in the last sentence of a paragraph on page 208. But because in these days of luxurious living and of fast and noisy machines, his feelings about seclusion and simplicity will bear examination, the whole paragraph is given here. The italics are not his:

"There are many trappers' cabins in the north and there are many mansions called cabins. Many of them are comfortable and beautiful in their way, but when I enter them there is no change for me, merely an extension of civilized living away from the towns. Motor boats, highways and planes make them as accessible as suburban homes. I find no sense of seclusion or solitude in them, for their conveniences carry with them the associations and responsibilities of urban living. Sometimes they are so comfortable, so removed from all physical effort, that they nullify *the real purpose of going to the woods: doing primitive things in primitive ways and recapturing simplicity.*"

It is hard to pick out preferences among the thirty-three chapters. The present reviewer especially liked "Silence," "Birthday on the Manitou," "Grandmother's Trout," "The Way of a Canoe," "Wild Geese," and "Wilderness Music." "Wild Geese" is one of the most exciting, and indeed one of the most poignant. Each chapter is exquisitely illustrated by the author's friend, Francis Lee Jaques, whose name is also synonymous with the Quetico-Superior country (and whose scratch-board drawings have occasionally enriched the pages of this magazine). And author and artist together form a perfect combination. Add to their efforts those of the book designer and printer, and the result is a volume that will be treasured by anyone who loves the wilderness.

EXPLORING THE SUPERNATURAL, by R. S. Lambert. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. 198 pages. $3.75.

Reviewed by Malvina Bolus

MR. Lambert has set out to refute the allegation that Canada has no ghosts and he has gathered together a quantity of material from all parts of the country. Its publication will probably produce more.

The first account of supernatural happenings comes from Champlain, when he encountered the shaking tent of the Indian medicine man. Since his day this phenomenon associated with divination has been witnessed many times by white people, some of whom have tried to find rational explanations, never very convincingly. There are only two recorded instances of white men having been *inside* the shaking tent, one an H B C man, the other a N.W.M. policeman. The former would not talk of his experience; the latter reported, but was mystified. The shaking tent has been rarely witnessed in this century, but an instance in 1929 seen by A. K. Black is quoted from *The Beaver*.

The longest and best documented stories of unaccountable happenings deal with poltergeists, malicious spirits responsible for moving material objects, causing fires, showers of stones, noisy rappings and footsteps. In the 19th century one such haunting in Ontario continued for three years and had many witnesses and investigators. A somewhat similar two-year episode in Nova Scotia was publicized. Outbreaks of such occurrences are detailed down to 1954 and police, newspaper reporters, and other responsible witnesses were unable to explain them.

Apparitions seem to be rare but some are reported. Such a case at Sydney, N.S., and Chief Factor Roderick Macfarlane's journey with the body of Augustus Peers from Fort Good Hope to Fort Simpson (published in the *Beaver* in 1939) the author rates as two of the best ghost stories.

Disappearances in the wilderness—a not uncommon occurrence—lead readily to tales of mysterious beings and monsters. Native lore tells of hairy giants in B.C. (Trader Caulfield Anderson reported to the Company a century ago that mountain giants threw rocks at his party, and there are fairly recent reports of Susquatch men), of little people in the Arctic, of horrifying Wendigos, among which there has been an infiltration of immigrant werewolves and *loups-garous*. A sprinkling of second-sight, sea-serpents, witchcraft, rounds out the account.

It is an interesting book, of the studious rather than the hair-raising type; the inexplicable events are recounted in a matter-of-fact way. The author sets forth the evidence he has collected, names witnesses and places, and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions, which will probably depend on whether he is predisposed to ghosts or a confirmed skeptic.

Miss Bolus is editor of the "Moccasin Telegraph."

CAPTAIN OF THE DISCOVERY. The Story of Capt. Geo. Vancouver, by Roderick Haig-Brown. Macmillan, Toronto, 1956. 181 pages. $2.00.

THE real story of George Vancouver is not in one great voyage or in any one spectacular deed. It is in the hundreds of lesser voyages made by the small boats, in the persistence and thoroughness and unfailing courage with which these were carried out through three long years of exploration. Many people share in the story—Broughton and Puget and Mudge, Johnstone, Whidbey, Swaine, as well as the seamen who rowed the boats and endured the constant hardships and risks of the survey. Vancouver was the driving force behind them, his was the strength that held them all together, the wisdom and judgment and devotion that brought them safely through, a community of men in two small ships ten thousand miles away from their nearest base of supply."

So writes Roderick Haig-Brown at the opening of one of his chapters on the life of the great seaman that he tells here for young people. It is a well told and exciting story, about a man too little known in Canadian history. The fine drawings of Robert Banks lend it reality.

Vancouver was with Capt. Cook on his celebrated voyages of 1772-5 and 1776-80, and was present when his commander was murdered on the Hawaiian Islands. He also took part in Rodney's victory over De Grasse. Most of this book tells of his own voyage of discovery starting in 1791, when he explored the coasts of what are now Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska, and there are plenty of thrilling incidents to charm adult and youngster alike. One unfamiliar with the Coast does, however, feel the need of a detailed map. Incidentally, the statement about the *St. Roch* on page 34 should, of course, read "west to east," not "east to west."—*C.P.*

SEEING AMERICA'S WILDLIFE, by Devereux Butcher. Nelson's, Toronto, and Devin-Adair, N.Y. 1955. 338 pages. $5.00.

MR. BUTCHER is field representative of the National Parks Association and editor of its magazine. His last book, published in 1951, was *Exploring the National Parks of Canada*. This present volume deals with the birds and animals to be found in the 32 wildlife refuges of the United States and Alaska. Each of these refuges is briefly described, and there is a 20-page introduction, "The Primitive Land"; but the book as a whole is devoted mainly to photographs—some of them very fine indeed—ranging all the way from scenic shots to animal close-ups. It was prepared under the auspices of the "Defenders of Furbearers" of which the author is secretary.—*C.W.*

"But I'm really not a bit cold."

Richard Harrington

With Byrd to the Antarctic . . .
Hudson's Bay
point Blankets
famous the world over
for a lifetime of
luxurious comfort
and warmth.
With climbing expeditions to Everest . . .